Saturday Review

JULY 30, 1955 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

elen Hayes, as she appears in the
alute to France's "The Skin of Our
eeth." (See BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT)

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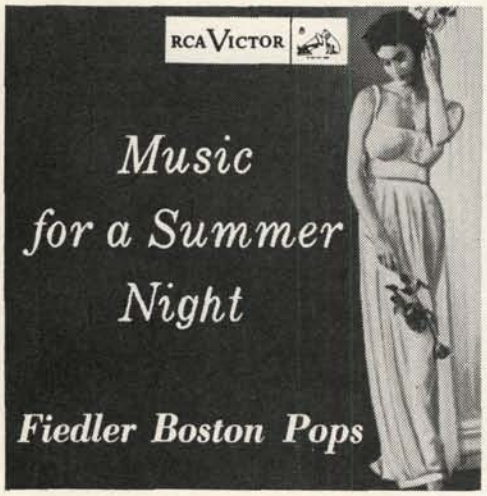

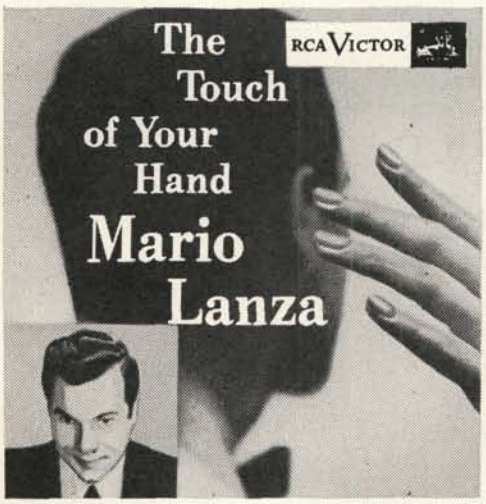

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The Saturday Review

JULY 30, 1955

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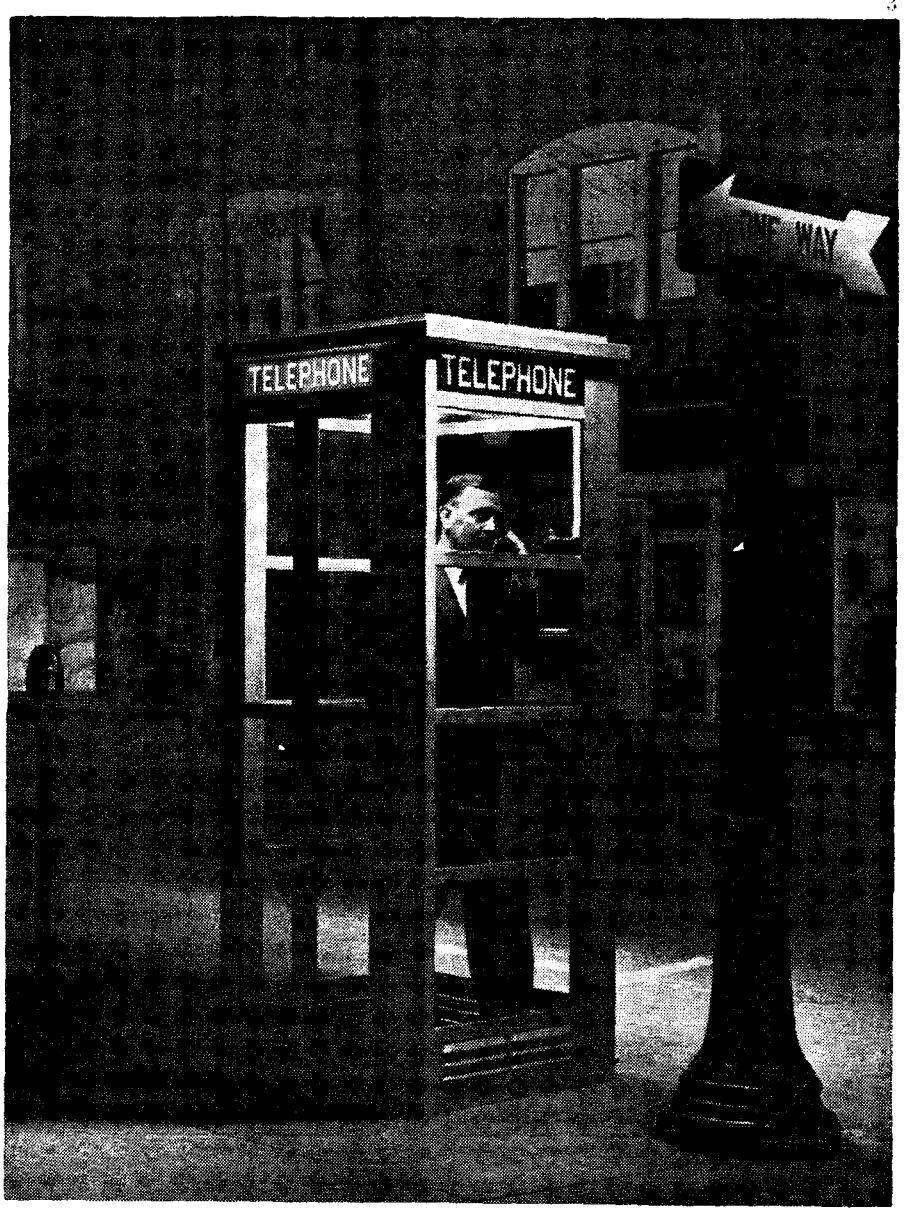
THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 31, July 30, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.



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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

TRADE Winds

IN THE MIDST OF ALL the mountain-climbing epics—"Annapurna," "The Conquest of Everest," "K2" followed "The White Tower" as truth usually follows fiction—there was published a month or so ago what Bill Cole of Knopf calls a *tour de farce*. It's "Nowhere Near Everest," Maurice Dolbier's (he's *The Providence Journal's* literary critic) completely creditable account of how he never climbed anything. This chronicle—which Bill claims is dedicated to man's domitable and vincible spirit—is a great comfort to all of us who never dared, never ventured, never achieved, and never got out of breath. Some day I intend to write my own personal narrative of rare and heady adventure. It shall be called, "I Flew from Newark to LaGuardia."

Nobody, least of all Mr. Dolbier, knows what his next book will be about, but Mark Carroll of the Yale University Press has suggested that Dolbier now explore the underwater world in a volume with a title which all pun-loving readers will appreciate, "Cods, Crabs, and Scallops."

JUST FOUR-AND-ONE-HALF BLOCKS up Madison Avenue from Knopf is Doubleday, from whose Pyke Johnson, Jr., I learned about Carlson's bookstore in San Mateo, California. Carlson's recently filled a window with 150 bottles of California wines grouped around John Melville's "Guide to California Wines" and Morrison Wood's "A Jug of Wine." A splendid window display. But no bough? No thou? Ken Carnahan, West Coast book reviewer, said this was the most unusual display in Carlson's window since a runaway automobile ended up in it a while back.

ONE FLOOR BELOW DOUBLEDAY'S editorial offices are the offices of Hanover House, which will presently publish Max Shulman's "Guided Tour of Campus Humor," an anthology which will give you an idea of at least one aspect of higher education in 1955. A section of Max's volume is devoted to original limericks and, jus in case you haven't cracked ar undergraduate publication recently here's a nifty example from *The California Pelican,* published at the University of California:

There once was a model named
Moyer
Who fled from her artist em-
ployer;
She said, "I will pose
in clothes in repose,
But I'm damned if I'll pose like
for Goyer."

HOWEVER, ALL THAT GOES ON IN COLLEGES these days is not facetious. I have just returned from the Publishing Procedures Course at Radcliffe. This course was, for some years, under the direction of Helen Everitt, who has now deserted Boston and New York to be an editor for Mr. Curtis's *Ladies' Home Journal.* The present director at Radcliffe is Mrs. Diggory (Doylie) Venn, who has assembled this year as eager and intelligent a group of students as I have ever seen up there. The PPC has a remarkable record of finding employment for its graduates, and this year's group seemed so exceptional that I fully expect to find practically every one of them gainfully, and for the betterment of publishing, employed this fall.

Radcliffe, like most Boston and Cambridge institutions, is handsome, gracious, old-fashioned, and non-air-conditioned, so, after one has spoken for a couple of hours with the thermometer at 92°, one is delighted to flee with Doylie and Diggory to the Ritz Bar, which *is* air-conditioned, and where the bartender knows without being reminded that the olive is the ruination of the martini (probably had this hammered into his skull by Bernard DeVoto). Houghton Mifflin's Anne Ford joined us and we would have talked about publishing except that she is a Red Sox fan and I am a Dodger rooter and Ted Williams was out of the lineup with a lame back while Campanella was at home nursing a bruised knee and neither of us had mind or heart for anything except the ailments of our heroes and their chances of getting back into the lineups soon.

I DID EVENTUALLY LEARN about an unusual event which had taken place in Boston early in June. The Boston

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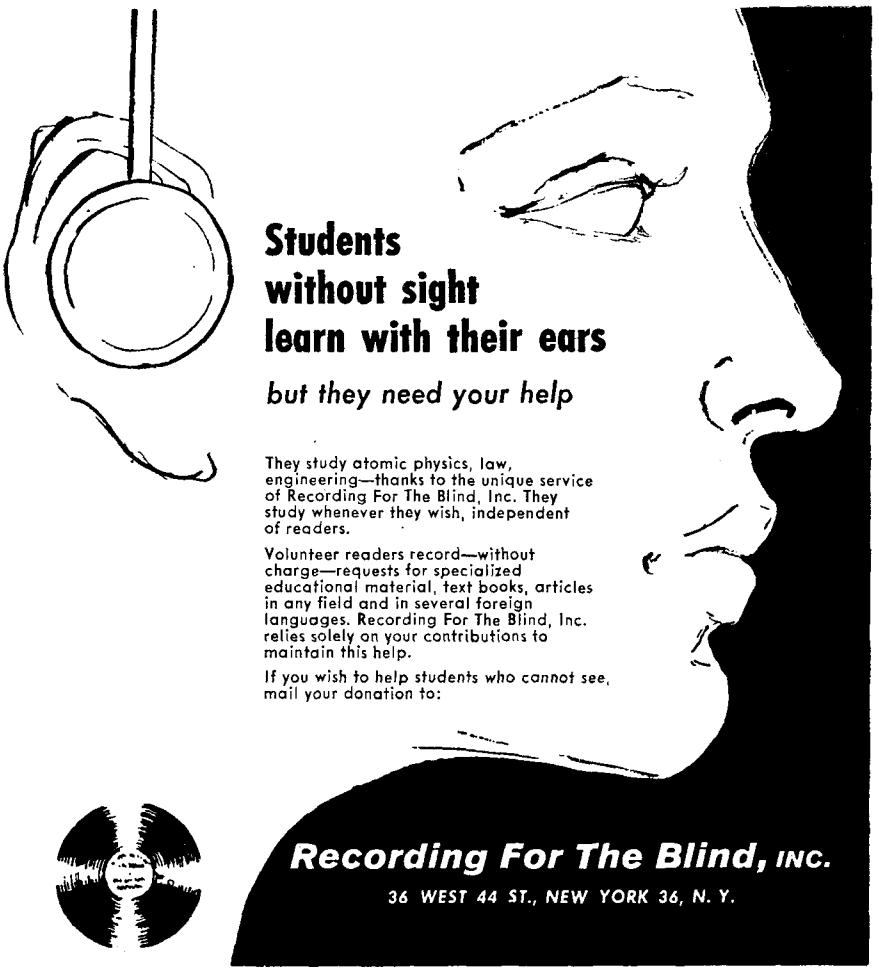
.rts Festival, of which Diggory was director, was held out on Boston Common for two weeks and—in spite f really frightful weather—it drew total attendance of 750,000 to its xhibits of modern sculpture and ainting, to performances of "The kin of Our Teeth" and to Martha raham's dancing. The exhibits were rotected only by a semicovering of ght canvas and they were out there ay and night while those thousands njoyed them and there was not one ase of that vandalism which goes nder the euphemism of souvenir unting. Several prizes were awarded, ncluding a $500 prize for poetry. he award was presented by Archiald MacLeish in words that proved nat MacLeish has not lost that magic en of his:

To Carl Sandburg, poet of the American affirmation, whose reply to doubt, to depression, to the failure of heart of those who dared no longer trust the people, was "The People, Yes." Biographer of one war President, friend of another, Mr. Sandburg has been a participant in the history of his own troubled generation as well as the recorder of the history of the generation of the great American trial. He has been the singer of the city where no one before him thought song could be found, and the voice of a prairie country which had been silent until he came, and all this continent is in his debt—a debt which Boston and New England, by this award, acknowledge.

ARL SANDBURG, in accepting the ward, evidenced considerable pride nd said he was ready to run for overnor of Massachusetts. Up on eacon Hill, Christian Herter preerved a nervous silence.

Diggory told us of the after-hours rgument between Thornton Wilder nd Carl Sandburg, an argument in hich Wilder defended and Sandurg attacked Gertrude Stein. Sandurg summed up his argument for he offense by asking Wilder—"Did ertrude ever have to write for a iving?" Wilder was reported as not eplying to this seeming crusher. oes a certain vacationing publisher nd columnist wish to point out that oyalties paid by him contributed not nimportantly to Gertrude's living?

HE NEXT DAY I WENT OVER to 34 Beaon Street—home of Little, Brown—nd found that the creaking, openage elevator in that fine old building s still running despite my 1946 prediction that the damn thing was momentarily going to crash with senility nto the basement. I saw several people there and heard about literary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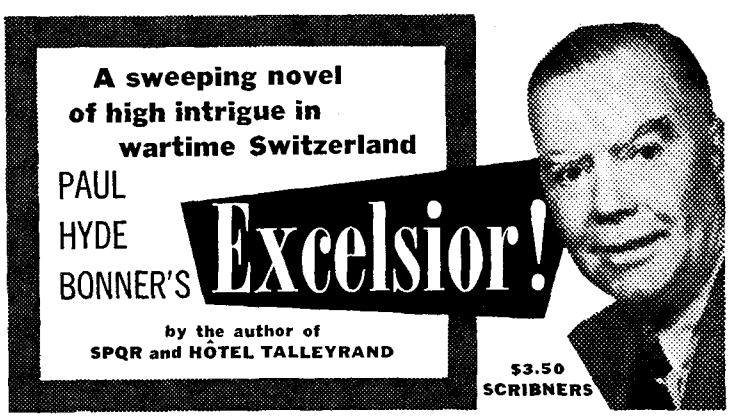

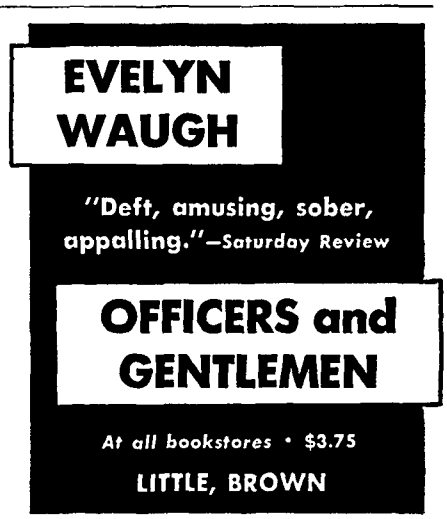

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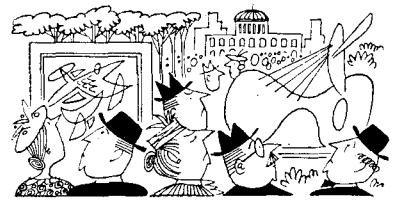
items on which I hope to report presently. Just before I left, I ran into Joe Allen, who once was Little, Brown's advertising manager and who now runs their law and medicine books department. At the moment I



saw him Joe was holding the galleys of a volume with the piquant title, "Sterility and Fertility in Cattle." If you think this is an unusual book for a law and medicine department to be publishing, please remember that Boston Common, just outside Little, Brown's door, was originally set aside by Boston's Founding Fathers for grazing purposes. The book's title reminded me of a sad story Oscar Hammerstein II once told. When Hammerstein and Rodgers aren't contributing a new musical to the uplift of man's spirit, and to the cultural reputation of our time, Oscar lives down in Pennsylvania where he raises prizewinning Black Angus cattle. The story he told was told him by his fellow writer and fellow gentleman farmer, Louis Bromfield. Some years ago there was imported into Bromfield's neighborhood a young bull, as promising as Bromfield's Ohio had ever seen. Indeed, he cost $15,000. Came the time when the young bull should first perform for the continuance of his breed, and he was set out to pasture with an equally prize cow. The two of them were frolicking about in premarital glee when the bull had the misfortune to back into a fence carrying a light electrical charge. The bull was not only shocked —he was displeased. Moreover, he seemed immediately and permanently to connect this unpleasantness with his male duties and from then on, although Bromfield's neighbors called in the best bovine psychiatrists available, the bull was a confirmed bachelor. Come to think of the few bachelors I know, that isn't the word I mean. I am sure you know what I do mean: he just grazed and grazed and was a $15,000 misogynist.

YOU CAN'T HELP LIKING the way they do business in Boston. You call up a top executive of a firm, publisher or not, and you find him, to the puzzlement of the New York conditioned telephoner, totally unscreened. No defensive platoon of young ladies repeatedly ask who's calling. Nobody wants to know what you're calling about. Nobody switches you over to a secretary who says, "Hold the wire a moment" and who then spends forty-five seconds deciding whether this is the one call in three she allows to go through. You just ask for Mr So-and-So, give your name, and instantly Mr. So-and-So is relaxedly on the phone. Maybe there just aren't so many people in Boston using the telephone to sell insurance plans and dance lessons but, whatever the reason, it's a pleasure and it's also exactly the way they do things on Ludgate Hill, Shoe Lane, Little Paul's House, and English publishing's other warrens in the shadow of St. Paul's. In the course of my day and a half in Boston I saw Charles Blanchard and Philip Slocum at Little, Brown, and Lovell Thompson, Anne Ford, and Jack Leggett at Houghton Mifflin. I deliberately didn't take notes because several of them said things that they felt should not be attributed to any one of them. For instance: out-of-town book reviewers, foreign publishers and motion-picture story editors who spend most of their touring time in New York should spend at least 20 per cent of it in Boston. Reason: The size of the lists and the volume done by Boston's aforementioned publishers, plus Atlantic Press and Beacon, warrant that much attention. And, for further instance, the bookstore of the future is more likely to be what is now considered the bookstore of the past than what is increasingly the bookstore of the present. In other words, the bookstore of the present with its heavy weight on selling bestsellers is already losing customers who are becoming purchasers of paper reprints. Meanwhile, the bookstore of the past, the fine, murky, relaxed establishment—where you are almost as likely to find the little-called-for backlist item as this morning's literary sensation—continues to find customers among those people whose book needs are not entirely guided by the latest review or last Sunday's best-seller list. Moreover, such a bookstore is more likely to sell publishing's latest development—the quality paperbound volume —than is the modern, hit-and-run establishment.

Neither of these instances is necessarily my own. Both statements were forcefully made by one or another of the people I visited in Boston.

I AM, AT THE MOMENT, waiting for Anne Ford to recover from her concern over Ted Williams. I want to learn about Houghton's new edition of a biography of that pioneer sheriff and unexcelled pistol shooter, Wyatt Earp. Wyatt may be the answer to the pulsating question—"After Davy Crockett, What?" —ALAN GREEN.

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The Saturday Review
JULY 30, 1955

MORE MONEY FOR OUR COLLEGES

. . . and Where It's Coming From

The Great American Inflation—now about fifteen years old—has been as hard on the finances of American colleges as it has been on all endowments and fixed funds or incomes. Yet, next to the public schools, what is more important to a country's future than her colleges? The politicians, engineers, business executives, scientific and social theorists, artists who will shape Tomorrow must get their own shape in the college of Today. This week SR *is pleased to have John W. Hill and Albert L. Ayars, chairman and educational director respectively of the public-relations firm of Hill and Knowlton, Inc., discuss the interest that one of the effective groups in our society—American business—is now taking in the problems of higher education. This increasing support of education by the business community is a first aspect of the increasing sense of corporate responsibility which has created a sort of Public Service Revolution in American business ideas and practices. Next week* SR *will pay attention to the second aspect of this changed business personality: public-interest advertising.*

By JOHN W. HILL
and ALBERT L. AYARS

IF THE past is any index, something like one out of every three freshmen who matriculates at an independent college this fall may need financial help from that college. But the shoe, regrettably, is on the other foot, too. That same independent college in all probability is desperately in need of financial help itself.

Our private American colleges and universities are up against a serious and continuing crisis. They are short of money and—what with more or less fixed endowments, inflation, and the scarcity of wealthy donors—they are hard pressed to find new funds.

Where are these colleges and universities to turn? The answer seems to be this, as U.S. Steel's Benjamin Fairless summed it up in a recent speech: "Their only remaining recourse is to business institutions. In short, it appears their survival will depend in large measure upon whether American corporate enterprise is ready, willing, and able to come to the financial rescue of our American system of private education."

This challenge to businessmen represents as noble an opportunity for public service as is apt to fall to their lot in this century or the next. And one has only to review the newspapers of recent months to realize that businessmen are responding. Announcements of corporate gifts and endowments, scholarships, fellowships and other grants have been coming thick and fast. Standard Oil of New Jersey and General Electric, for example, are both raising their annual aid-to-education programs past the million-dollar mark, beginning this fall; General Motors announced 350 new scholarships last January, plus unrestricted financial support to a number of institutions in addition; Du Pont, too, is stepping up its already substantial program. All told, about half the nation's largest manufacturers are providing aid to institutions. Their total contribution, last estimated at $70 million in 1953, is expected to reach a new high this year.

While this transfusion is thrice welcome, particularly in the interests of keeping a balance between government-aided and private education, it does raise a few specters. As the 1954 report of the Carnegie Corporation put it, "there are problems in too heavy dependence on corporate sup-

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DONOR	FORM OF PRINCIPAL GIFTS	NUMBER ANNUALLY	TOTAL AT ONE TIME	ANNUAL AMOUNT OF EACH SCHOLARSHIP OR FELLOWSHIP	AMOUNT OF ACCOMPANYING GRANT TO COLLEGE	WHO SELECTS STUDENTS AND ADMINISTERS SCHOLARSHIP OR FELLOWSHIP
Union Carbide Educational Fund.	Four-year scholarships (also some post-graduate technical fellowships).	Sixty-eight scholarships in 1955. Proposed goal 100.	376. Proposed goal 400 scholarships.	Undergraduate tuition, plus allowance for fees and books (average $722).	Unrestricted $500 with each scholarship, plus a $100 allowance for a faculty advisor.	Participating colleges.
Ford Motor Company Fund.	Four-year scholarships.	Seventy.	280.	Tuition fees, plus up to $750 expenses.	$500 with each scholarship.	Educator Committee selects.
Standard Oil Company (N. J.).	Unrestricted grants (fellowships, scholarships, consulting fees to professors, and research grants). Operating grant. Capital grant.	One association grant. One assn. grant. One assn. grant. 138 individual institution grants.	Eighty members of Nat'l Fund for Med. Education. Thirty-one members of United Negro College Fund. 138 each year.			
The General Foods Fund, Inc.	Unrestricted grants.	Three individual college grants. Thirteen association grants.	Three each year (rotated) 158 members, eleven state and regional ass'ns. Eighty members of Nat. Fund for Med. Education (graduate level). Thirty-one members of United Negro College Fund.			
Bethlehem Steel Company.	Unrestricted grants.	107 (1954-55).	No limit.		$3,000.	
United States Steel Foundation, Inc.	Unrestricted grants. Teaching budget supplements (mainly grad. level). Capital grants (endowment, building, equipment, etc.). Fellowships (for grad. study).	Eight ass'n grants. 172 individual college grants. Ten individual institutions. Ten (Two-year).	181 state, regional, nat'l ass'n members. 172. Eighty-one members Nat. Fund for Med. Ed. Twenty.	$1,500 to $2,100.	$1,500 unrestricted.	Participating colleges.
Columbia Broadcasting System Foundation, Inc.	Unrestricted grants.	Sixteen (1954) grants.	Sixteen now. No set limit.		Each grant $2,000.	
E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., Inc. (Program began in 1918).	Post-graduate fellowships for science and mathematics teachers. Grants to advance college teaching of chemistry (virtually unrestricted). Chemistry teaching assistantships. Sixteen summer research grants. (Other research grants and fellowships).	Twenty (1955-56). Fifty (1955-56). Twenty-four. Sixteen.	No special limit. Fifty. Twenty-four. Sixteen.	About $1,200 plus tuition. $2,400 to unmarried student; $3,000 to married, plus tuition and fees. $1,500.	Accompanying grant to private institutions. No set amount. $2,500. $500 with each.	Participating colleges. Participating colleges. Participating colleges.
Procter and Gamble Fund.	Four-year scholarships. Post-graduate fellowships. Research grants and grants to Fund for Medical Education (grad), United Negro College Fund, and State Associations.	Sixty. Sixteen. About 140.	240. Thirty-two.	Full tuition, plus allowance for books and supplies (average about $725). Varies.	Unrestricted $500 with each scholarship, plus allowance for faculty advisor (about $100 each). Varies.	Participating colleges. Participating colleges.
General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund.	Unrestricted grants (corporate alumnus program — grad and undergrad). Post-graduate fellowships. (Endowments, equipment assistance, scholarships, special grants, and summer programs for science and mathematics teachers).	Company grants match employe alumnus contributions. About seventy-four. About 170 one-year scholarships.	Equal to number of employe college graduates contributing (could be 27,000). Varies. About 170 scholarships.	$1,750 up. $500 (scholarship).	Company matches employe contributions up to $1,000 each. Also cost supplement. $1,200. $250 (accompanying scholarship).	College deans and independent committee. Committee of educators.

CORPORATE PROGRAMS OF COLLEGIATE AID: *Here is a summary of the details of ten typical corporate programs now in effect for providing urgently needed financial aid to our private colleges and universities. Note that restrictions on these funds are very limited. They are aimed at helping our institutions of learning meet the real costs of education rather than erecting new structures and new overheads.*

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QUALIFICATIONS OF SCHOLARSHIP OR FELLOWSHIP RECIPIENT	WHO SELECTS COLLEGES	APPROXIMATE TOTAL NUMBER OF COLLEGES	TYPES OF COLLEGES HELPED	APPROXIMATE TOTAL ANNUAL AMOUNT, ALL FORMS	RESTRICTIONS	MISCELLANEOUS
Scholarship, reputation, need, ambition for career in business, industry, or research.	Union Carbide.	Forty-five.	Private liberal arts, technical.	$500,000 (1955).	Vocational choice. Colleges selected.	Opportunity for summer employment (no obligation on part of either).
Scholarship, reputation, aptitude test score.	Recipient.	Usually about Forty-five.	Any approved college.	Over $1,000,000 (1954-55).	Open only to children of company employes.	College, public, and industrial relations purposes simultaneously advanced.
	Standard of N.J. and educator committee.	249.	Privately supported, accredited.	$1,000,000 (1954-55).	College selection.	
	General Foods selects three. Others are association members.	272.	Mainly private liberal arts and medical colleges.	$270,000 (1954-55).	Three colleges, plus association memberships.	Also grant some fellowships.
	Colleges of Bethlehem employes.	Thirty.	Privately supported.	$321,000 (1954-55).	Limited to *alma maters* of employes.	Repays colleges for educating employes.
Qualifications determined by institution.	United States Steel.	434.	Mainly private liberal arts colleges.	$1,052,000 (1955).	Colleges selected.	Student aid under study.
	United States Steel.		Lib. arts; prof. and tech.; grd. and und. grd. Some women's colleges.		Limited to teaching budget. Types of facilities earmarked.	
	United States Steel.	Around forty.	Universities and professional schools.			
	Colleges qualified CBS executives attended.	Fourteen.	Privately supported colleges and universities.	$40,000 in 1955.	Limited to *alma maters* of CBS officials.	Second year of program. This formula primary method of support, but will employ others. "Repays" college for educating company executive.
Qualifications determined by institution.	DuPont.	Over 100 (1955-56).	Any training teachers of mathematics and science.	$805,000 (1955-56).	Colleges selected must teach science.	Intended to help remedy lack of scientifically-trained people, enhance effectiveness of education and fundamental research in the fields of science and engineering.
Outstanding graduate chemistry teaching assistant.	DuPont.		Privately supported. Must offer chemistry laboratory instruction.			
	DuPont.					
Scholarship, reputation, need.	Procter and Gamble.	Over 200.	Accredited private colleges.		Colleges selected.	Two-thirds of scholarships in liberal arts fields, one-third technical, forty to women college students. Scholarship program fully operative in four years.
Determined by institution.	Procter and Gamble.		Technical schools.	$650,000 plus (announced March 4, 1955).		
Scholarship, character, need.	Any college a G.E. employe holds a degree from.	Up to 650.	Accredited four-year degree-granting institutions located in U. S. or possessions.	$1,250,000 (1955 estimate).	Seventy of scholarships to employes' children. 100 in science, business, engineering; otherwise unrestricted.	Aims to stimulate college support by alumni. Augments capital and operating funds. Improves incentive for high quality teaching.
	Student, approved by committee.	Varies.	Three-fourths institutions offering graduate work in physical sciences, engineering, and industrial management; one-fourth arts and sciences, law, business.			
	Recipients (scholarship).	Varies.				

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port just as there are problems in too heavy dependence on Federal aid." In an era already marred by loyalty oaths, conformity pressure on faculties, and other attempts to abridge free comments, criticism, and even thought, there is justified concern that large corporate contributors may be tempted to throw their weight around in the academic and curricular area. Our large universities have pretty well demonstrated that they can take care of themselves in a pressure situation, but the same has not always been true for less well-established institutions or even some of those that are tax-supported.

Fortunately, the evidence from corporate aid programs to date points the other direction. Industry manifests no wish to intrude on academic prerogatives nor to restrict or impair academic freedom, as far as the eye can see. A listing of major corporate donors (see page 8) shows that the word "unrestricted" characterizes many of the principal gifts and the list includes Standard Oil of New Jersey, General Foods, Bethlehem Steel, Procter and Gamble, U. S. Steel, Columbia Broadcasting System, General Electric, and General Motors. This means, generally, that the major corporations are content to let the colleges and universities administer the funds in any way they see fit, which is as it should be.

Unrestricted funds are essentially an expression of industry's respect for academic freedom. For one thing, such funds enable colleges and universities to funnel support to their liberal arts departments, which often lose out on specific contributions because industry—with its long-range personnel needs—has tended to favor the technical and scientific departments.

Behind these many developments lies the primary question: Why has business rallied to the extent that it has? What is the motivation powerful enough to evoke such a response from hard-headed executives?

There are a number of answers to this question, but most of them fall under three headings: (a) a new awareness of the need; (b) a sense of citizenship responsibility; and (c) a desire to perpetuate free-enterprise economy and promote corporate interests.

During the years since World War II the financial crisis in education has come forcibly to the attention of businessmen and the public in general through repeated distress calls for votes on school-bond issues and tax levies, and through education's own efforts to make its plight known. Surging enrollments, the demand to expand services, the need for enlarged and modernized plants, and the shortage of qualified staff members have joined forces with inflation to make education a matter of great national concern.

The financial squeeze has been particularly severe for the independent, privately-endowed colleges and universities—which in recent years have drawn about half the nation's students at that level. They have been hit hard by a shrinkage in their endowments because the tax-collector now takes so large a part of incomes and estates of wealthy people, and because price inflation has eaten away the purchasing power of income from existing endowments. Skyrocketing enrollments merely intensify the problem (30 per cent of our eighteen-year-olds now enrol for college, as against 12 per cent in 1930), for tuition fees cover only 50 to 70 per cent of college operating costs. Average per capita (fulltime student) operating costs have risen 50 per cent since 1948. Tuition rates have risen less than 25 per cent, and the total income from tuition has dropped!

IT HAS become necessary for independent colleges having high academic standards and a desire for a student body of first-rate ability to be prepared to furnish financial aid for 35 to 40 per cent of the students, thus creating an urgent need for scholarship funds.

A significant voice in arousing public awareness of the needs of higher education, both public and private, has been that of the Council for Financial Aid to Education, Inc., which is composed of eminent business and industry leaders and outstanding educators. Through a survey, they found that to make up present deficiencies, and to meet enrolment bulges expected in the next ten years, over $3,000,000,000 in endowments would be needed by 753 colleges on which data was gathered. Besides this, the 753 institutions, they found, would need $2,500,000,000 in new funds for buildings, equipments and maintenance during the same period. Another report made in 1952 by the Commission on Financing Higher Education, says that independent institutions have "need of $250,000,000 annually, additional for the next five years."

Recognition of the plight of higher education, then, was and is one basic reason for the response of American business corporations. Another reason is the growing conviction of enlightened management that a corporation should be a good citizen of its community. In other words, corporations like individuals should roll up their sleeves to help with projects in the general interest—and all the more so because, with the passing of great personal fortunes, corporations are probably the only source, outside of taxation, with the wherewithal to contribute on the scale required by private colleges and universities.

Two factors that helped clear the way, of course, were the affirmation by the courts that corporate contributions to educational institutions are a matter of benefit to giving corporations and a right of these corporations under the law, and the fact that such contributions, properly administered are income-tax exempt under state and Federal law.

As a third major motivation for cor-

(*Continued on page 28*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TAKING THE COUNT

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, offers the names of ten—count 'em, ten—counts who appear in as many works of literature. She asks you to identify these works. Six correct answers wins you honorable mention, seven nice going, and eight or better hot stuff. Answers on page 12.

1. Count Rudolstadt	( )	"Anna Karénina" (Tolstoy)
2. Count Fosco	( )	"All's Well that Ends Well" (Shakespeare)
3. Count Vronsky	( )	"Consuelo" (Sand)
4. Count de la Fère	( )	"The Story of Gösta Berling" (Lagerlöf)
5. Count of Rousillon	( )	"The Dark Is Light Enough" (Fry)
6. Count Hendrik Dohna	( )	"Nana" (Zola)
7. Count Peter Zichy	( )	"The Marble Faun" (Hawthorne)
8. Count Donatello	( )	"The Woman in White" (Collins)
9. Count Muffat de Beuville	( )	"Quentin Durward" (Scott)
10. Count Philip Crève-coeur de Cordès	( )	"The Three Musketeers" (Dumas)

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IAMMOCK READING

Ned, Tony, and the Public

'The Merry Partners," by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Random House. 302 pp. 4.75), is an account of the boisterous 'ves and times of Ned Harrigan and 'ony Hart, favorites of the New York ıusical stage in the late nineteenth entury.

}y Allen Churchill

HARRIGAN and Hart were—you might say—the Rodgers and Iammerstein of their day, which lasted oughly from 1875 to 1895. But never ıas a Rodgers and Hammerstein pro- luction, not even the redoubtable South Pacific," aroused anything like Jew York City's enthusiasm at a Iarrigan and Hart opening. For the ınveiling of a Ned-and-Tony epic the Iayor himself invariably appeared— f he wanted to be reelected, that is. ;o did thousands of less exalted New 'orkers, chiefly newsboys, who from arly morning noisily thronged the idewalks outside. After fighting its ;ay inside the theatre-hungry mob stablished itself in the balcony, where hrough the show it offered advice and ncouragement to the actors on-stage.)ften Harrigan or Hart stepped out of haracter to talk back, for H&H shows ;ere informal, to say the least.

The reason for H&H's appeal to a ıotean public is easy to explain. Iarrigan, who wrote the plays, hought that "polite society, wealth, nd culture possess little or no culture r picturesqueness." When creating he ıerely sat on a bench in one of the eamy sections of town, took notes, nd mentally constructed his play.)nly one thing could distract him— he passing of a derelict whose raga- ıuffin attire seemed right for the tage. Then he would follow after and aggle for the clothes.

Harrigan's plays seem inconceivably aive today (for example, the Amer- ;an arrival of Terry and Irving pro- oked this bit of dialogue: "Ah, you erry-fy me. You are un-irving me"). Jevertheless, William Dean Howells laimed to find in them "sublime mo- ıents of absolute fidelity." How he ;as able to arrive at such a conclusion ; indeed a question, for the major ap- eal of Harrigan plays was always a ıunderous sound effect like a sewer- as explosion, a fist fight, a ceiling ave-in, or a bolt of lightning. Usually these obscured everything else, caus- ing one critic to complain, "As I tot- tered away I felt as if Ali Baba and his forty thugs had clubbed me with Chicago sandbags, and all the wild mustangs in all the stables on Portland Street had run over me, and all the stableboys had caressed me with currycombs, and Wagner had been sung in a boiler factory." Harrigan always added to the din by instructing his actors to make "tumult with all."

Both Harrigan and Hart were mild fellows offstage. Onstage Hart even played ingenue parts, since he had "a face like an angel or a Valentine." Harrigan also wrote songs, one of them "The Mulligan Guards," which Kipling more or less pilfered. (Ironically, George M. Cohan wrote "H-A-double R-I," which is the song usually used to create a Harrigan and Hart mood.) Probably the two merry partners would have teamed together for life, but each had a multitude of relations who were fiercely jealous of each other. Finally the tensions reached the summit and the team broke up. De- spite efforts to reunite them each went his own way thereafter. Hart's future was clouded by paresis, from which he died a violent death, leaving only eighty cents. Harrigan lived until 1910, his last fifteen years saddened by the death of a favorite son and the abrupt end of his era.

PERHAPS Harrigan had reason to be sad in his late years, for today his songs are forgotten, his plays unread- able, and H&H performances remem- bered largely because of the pictu- resque tumult in the balconies. Nor have Harrigan and Hart been served any better by their biographer. E. J. Kahn, Jr.'s book "The Merry Part- ners," which first appeared serially in *The New Yorker,* reads between cov- ers like that magazine's fact-writing at its worst. The author has assembled a dazzling array of facts and strung them together with a self-conscious kind of ingenuity. He maintains a studied impersonality toward his sub- jects which leaves them neither merry partners nor human beings. "All I have to report is what I found in the old books and papers," Mr. Kahn's surfacy prose seems to say. A little thought, interpretation, and psychological delv- ing on his part might have made his job harder—but his book better.

THE AUTHOR: Three days after re- ceiving his B.A. from Harvard, in 1937, E. J. Kahn, Jr., a Horace Mann alumnus who had majored in Eng- lish and Greek, joined the staff of *The New Yorker* to begin a work- ing partnership that over the last eighteen years has produced more than 250 pieces of all sorts, includ- ing more than thirty profiles. "Only 250!" Kahn muttered the other day as he hurriedly profiled himself out loud. "God, when you put it down statistically, it's heartbreak- ing! Well," he added bravely, loyal- ly, and in a hurry, "I've done a few pieces for other magazines, but those were all one-shot things. *The New Yorker* is the best maga- zine in the world to work for, and I haven't any incentive to write for any other." When he isn't at his desk in the best magazine in the world he is either at Scarborough, a distant suburb of New York City, where he lives winters, or at Truro, on Massachusetts's Cape Cod, where he lives summers and where he is right now. Up there he puts in a four-hour workday before noon, cultivating his three current projects: a profile on Feuer and Martin, the Broadway hit pro- ducers, for *The New Yorker;* a piece dealing with Cape Cod, also for *The New Yorker,* and a musical called, simply, "Partners," which is easier to fit on a marquee than "The Merry Partners," from which it is being distilled. Joshua Logan is working with Kahn on the book. Anyway, once his morning's writ- ing is out of the way Kahn hops into the Atlantic and relaxes. The other Kahns—his wife and three sons—hop in right after him. Kahn's literary efforts were harnessed by *The New Yorker* after they'd bought a piece of his while he was still knocking around Harvard Yard. They asked his agent to have Kahn drop in and he dropped in as casually as a man shot from a can- non. Everything he writes for the magazine is technically on specula- tion, and like any self-respecting writer he has gotten an occasional rejection slip. "Everytime that hap- pens I die," Kahn confessed, look- ing fit. "Actually I guess I take it in stride. At least," he added, "I like to think I take it in stride."

—BERNARD KALB.

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Bits of Fun

"Sorry to Be So Cheerful," by Hildegarde Dolson *(Random House. 207 pp. $3.50), is a collection of merry pieces about the life of a perennial spinster.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

IN THE days when I was the extra—though not, alas, the other—woman in the lives of an assortment of married friends I came across a magazine article that seemed to say all that cried out to be said on the subject of matchmakers. I too had been hurled at many a total stranger over the entrée of some casual little dinner, and I found Hildegarde Dolson's remarks on the subject gorgeously apt.

What was my pleasure, therefore, in browsing through her new book, "Sorry to Be So Cheerful," to find the article I had enjoyed, newly titled ("Three on a Matchmaker") but otherwise exactly as funny as I remembered it! Since the short pieces in the book span twenty years even those which are reprints from *The New Yorker* or *Good Housekeeping* or *Mademoiselle* have receded far enough in one's memory to add a touch of joyful recognition to their discovery.

In her introductory "Author's Warning" Miss Dolson "implores readers to take the book piecemeal—say, a piece occasionally after meals—to avoid indigestion." Personally, I find Hildegarde Dolson easy to take at any time, but easiest of all when, as in this book, she caracoles from one subject to another with no unifying motif save the pleasantly muted *boingg* of her own individuality. Dolson is a dame who paints a picture of a girl standing on a porcupine beside a bed, and then calls it "Standing with Reluctant Feet." She has been carried up the steps of the New York Public Library by moonlight to the panting of a winded pedant; she has played the role of a lion while interviewing a lady lion-tamer, and though born honest she has become adept at squealing "You *must* come to dinner soon" when leaving a party. (You, too, "may invite people to dinner in this painless way, at absolutely no cost.")

The hard part of humorous writing, of course, is knowing just where to stop. Even the great Benchley, read

—By Paul Galdone, from "Sorry to Be So Cheerful."

in retrospect, turns out to have committed errors of judgment on this score, and Miss Dolson, who is no Benchley, occasionally slapsticks a subject to death. One of her very funniest pieces, "Shipwrecked in Central Park," peters out weakly; one or two seem desperately contrived, and others never quite get off the ground. The saving grace of a collection like this one, however, and the best reason for ignoring the Author's Warning, is that a chapter read in embarrassment or silent boredom may be preceded by one as diverting as "Who'll Buy My Sentimental Value?"—Miss Dolson's jocund inventory of her worldly goods—and followed by one as downright hilarious as "Tap the Centers and Snarl," a wonderfully uninhibited account of a session with a Croatian masseuse.

But every reader will find a favorite to his taste in the Dolson smörgasbord. At our house my daughter shouted with laughter over Hildegarde's adventures with insomnia; my husband relished her encounter with Emily Post and her experiences as a "true drab blonde," while my own vote vacillated from the search for a recipe for sea slugs to the pitiful attempt to buy a minnow bucket from Abercrombie & Fitch.

Collections of what Miss Dolson calls "so-called funny pieces" sometimes seem to have been tossed together as fast as an author of reputation accumulates enough articles in print to justify putting them together in a hard cover. This particular group shows signs of having been culled with some discrimination. A reasonably intelligent and sophisticated reader should find at least half of Miss Dolson's twenty-seven chapters amusing—and that's a batting average of which no comic writer need be ashamed.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 5, 1, 6, 7, 9, 8, 2, 10, 4.

Feminine Fare

This is the time of year when the book publishers like to please lady vacationers by turning out the kind of book which can be read outdoors under the sky without too much difficulty. This year for these pleasant readers they have brought out a whole hatboxful of titles, all of them entertaining but none of them losing much in the reading if a wind whips up and turns over two pages instead of one.

By John Haverstick

IN **"My Love Affair With the State of Maine"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) a young lady named Gertrude ("Scotty") Mackenzie tells, along with a little writing help from Ruth Goode, how it happened that she found herself selling canned goods in a general store on the Maine coast instead of staying with her usual job of selling advertising on Madison Avenue. "I'm going to get out of here," Miss Mackenzie recalls that she said and out she got—to Maine, a state where she never planned to stay. "But," confides Miss Mackenzie to her summer readers, "I reckoned without the sea and the pine woods, the hot sun and the spank of the wind . . ." In no time at all Scotty Mackenzie had gone into partnership on Herb Atwood's store, and before she is finished she has breathlessly let her readers in on the difference between a Number Two and a Number Ten can of tomatoes, the wonders of getting down on one's knees to scrub out vegetable bins, and countless other interesting matters which, though they may hardly seem new to anybody except her, she still manages to relate with certain breathless amazement.

In **"Grand Motel"** (Greenberg, $3.50) two other followers of the art of Getting-Away-from-It-All, Rick and Millie McCabe, who are the thinly disguised counterparts of authors William and Millarde Brent, pull up stakes in Hollywood and head north to a job on Route 101 as the manager-couple of the Ritz Motel. Here Millie has run-ins with the cash register and a couple of con men while husband Rick has his troubles with a mild little roomer who tries to rape Mother-in-law, with a lady guest who has a determination to roast an uncooked turkey despite motel rules, and with a luscious strip teaser who likes to sunbathe daily and conspicuously. In the end, everything turns out for

(*Continued on page* 30)

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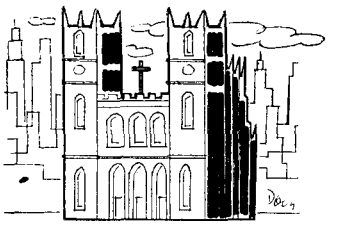


Divided New World

"The French Canadians, 1760-1945," by Mason Wade *(Macmillan. 1,136 pp. $7.50), is a history of one of the two nations that comprise Canada. Professor A. L. Burt of the University of Minnesota, who reviews it below, is the author of "A Short History of Canada for Americans."*

By A. L. Burt

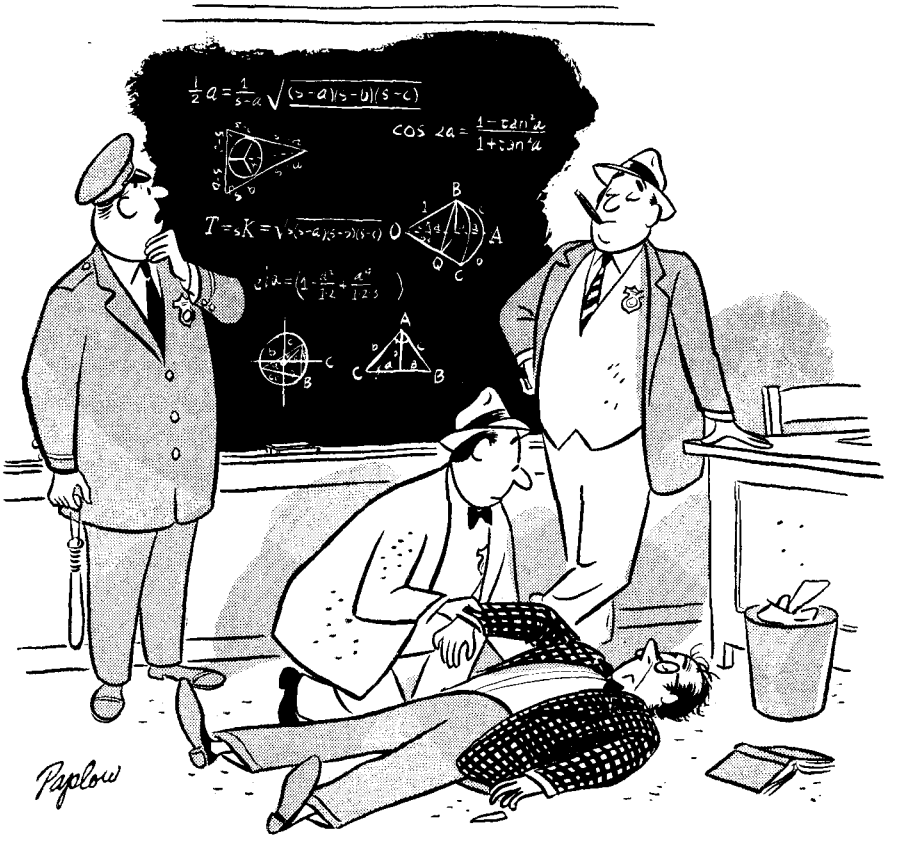
FEW Americans realize that Latin America lies to the north as well as to the south of the United States, that Montreal is the second largest French city in the world, that French shares with English the position of an official language in Canada, and that French Canada and English Canada are really two nations within the nation that is called Canadian. English Canada is more or less intelligible to the average American, except that he finds it difficult to understand why people who seem to be so like himself should prefer to retain their separate nationality. His puzzlement, of course, arises from the conflict between the two basic laws of nationalism: self-preservation and self-aggrandizement. But French Canada is incomprehensible to him—and to the average English-speaking Canadian. The latter instinctively resents the equally instinctive separatism of French Canada, thus presenting in Canada itself an illustration of the same fundamental conflict.

It is of prime importance to Canadians, for unification of the two peoples that form the Dominion is impossible and almost every public question in the country must be viewed with a French eye and an English eye or it will be seen out of focus. It should interest Americans, too, because it governs Canadian-American relations and in the years to come it may even involve the United States in a continental crisis of the first magnitude, as will be noted later.

Mason Wade's new book, "The French Canadians, 1760-1945," is a thorough and objective study of "why the French Canadians live, think, act, and react differently from English-speaking North Americans," and it will long rank as the outstanding authority on the subject. As one would expect of the editor of Parkman's "Journals" and the author of the best biography of Parkman yet written, Mr. Wade had the advantage of an intimate knowledge of the history of New France, a living inspiration to French Canadians. Nowhere else in the New World and only in parts of the Old World is there anything like this people's worship of their past. They are also distinguished by the fact that they are solidly Roman Catholic, partly because their church was an offshoot of the French church at its finest, and partly because it was their protecting shield when the British conquest placed them under an alien and Protestant government.

Protestants commonly regard French Canadians as priest-ridden; but Mr. Wade, a liberal Roman Catholic, knows better. If a Protestant nation belonged to only one church, and possessed a social tradition that selected its natural leaders to be the clergy, that nation would be the counterpart of French Canada, where, as an old French Canadian told me thirty years ago, "If the clergy are with us they lead the procession, but if they are not with us there is no procession." Mr. Wade shows clearly how the hierarchy and the parish priests occasionally pull in opposite directions and then the curés always win because they are the representatives of the people. The federal election of 1896 is a classical example, Laurier becoming Prime Minister with a strong backing of French Canadians in defiance of episcopal mandaments to vote Conservative.

FRENCH Canadians have fused so intimately the two religions of nationalism and Roman Catholicism that if one of their number turns Protestant, a rare occurrence, he is likely to find himself ostracized by French society and driven into the welcoming arms of English-speaking society; and the Roman Catholic Church in Canada is split by the perennial feud between the French and the Irish. If Mr. Wade had been of Irish instead



"Maybe he knew too much."

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of Scots and English extraction he could not have got so close to the French Canadians despite his sharing the same faith with them and his American detachment from the domestic French-English quarrel.

Mr. Wade sympathizes impartially with both sides of this quarrel, while condemning the opposing extremists who have ignorantly or perversely inflamed it; and he commends the moderates, French and English, who have striven, with varying success, to restrain the hot heads in their midst. He writes with wisdom and grace; and if he quotes at length, in translation, the speeches and writings of French Canadian nationalists instead of summarizing them, he thereby enables the reader to form his own judgment of the active forces.

Though the schism between English Canada and French Canada was very serious through most of the first half of the nineteenth century, and produced during the First World War a dangerous crisis, a repetition of which was narrowly averted during the Second World War, the strain has much abated and Mr. Wade seems to think that these two peoples can and probably will get on together as reasonably as the ordinary husband and wife. But French separatism, which has talked angrily of divorce and setting up political housekeeping in a French and Catholic republic on the shores of the St. Lawrence, is by no means dead, and some shrewd English-speaking Canadians believe that this is the logical conclusion which may well come to pass in the indefinite future. The secession of such a strategic region would wreck the Dominion, but a civil war to prevent it would be unlikely. More probably it would impel English Canada to seek annexation to the United States. Then what would the United States do with the Laurentide republic?

Old Blighty's Politicos

"British Political Parties," by R. T. McKenzie *(St. Martin's Press. 623 pp. $7.50), is an analysis of the internal structure and the distribution of power within the Conservative and Labour parties. Our reviewer, James K. Pollock, is chairman of the department of political science at the University of Michigan.*

By James K. Pollock

SINCE the writings of M. I. Ostrogorski and A. Lawrence Lowell half a century ago there had been a strange void of scholarly investigation of vital aspects of the British political process mitigated only recently by the excellent books on recent British elections by McCallum and Readman, Nicholas, and Butler. Now, in "British Political Parties," by R. T. McKenzie, Canadian-born professor of political science at the London School of Economics, we have a definitive and, I think, classic book which presents with scholarly care and deep insight the real power centers and relationships in the British political system.

Although Professor McKenzie fills the enormous historical gap since Ostrogorski, he does much more than Ostrogorski was able to do, and also administers several useful correctives to that earlier pioneer investigator. He also "repairs some of the gaps left by the historians" and concerns himself primarily, as his subtitle indicates, with "the distribution of power within the Conservative and Labour parties." He is concerned not with the "broad social functions of parties, but with their internal structure and the distribution of power within each." Nor does he deal extensively with party ideologies. But he does present within the compass of a reasonably sized book a most complete, sound, and penetrating analysis of British party organization and leadership.

Basing his study on a careful use of the enormous files of party documents and historical materials which are extant, supplemented by extensive surveys and interviews and discussions, Professor McKenzie has illuminated in a remarkable way the dark but exceedingly vital interrelationships of British government and politics. His explanation of the nature of British parliamentary leadership, his description of the nominating process, and of the precise relationships between the leaders, central offices, and the mass organizations of the two great parties are all examples of his highly useful contributions.

PROFESSOR McKenzie's judgments and conclusions are amply supported by exhaustive evidence. The two party organizations, he demonstrates, assign to their leaders contrasting roles, "yet in practice their roles are strikingly similar." Equally important, he shows that the Cabinet system, "reserving as it does full executive responsibility and initiative to the Prime Minister and those he has chosen to work with him," has made it possible for the parliamentary party to keep itself in a strong position without permitting intrusions from the party organization in the country. "Agreement on fundamentals," he also points out, "is nearly as great as it has ever been in the modern history of British politics.

"An extensive review of the working of British party organization," he concludes, "inspires neither alarm nor gloom," and, despite Ostrogorski's pessimistic expectation of fifty years ago, "the mass parties are primarily the servants of their respective parliamentary parties." Yet his final note of warning is relevant: "If both major parties become too grimly intolerant of honest differences of opinion among their followers on major matters of policy then there are real grounds for concern in a period in which the prospects for minor parties and independent candidates are so poor."

Storm in the Midlands

By Keith Huntress

OH, I say there was lightning, there was thunder!
Articulate altitude of incandescence,
The big black-bellied in tumescence
Cloud burst beautiful, broke bolt asunder—

I say there was lightning angular as arms,
Fold-forked illimitable cicatrice,
And rain gout-gushing from the orifice
Ran river in the furrows of the farms—

And there was sound—a roaring of tonned-train,
Idiot incoherence, tin-pan-trite . . .
I say the storm was white and black and white,
And the platinum-wire trajectories of rain.

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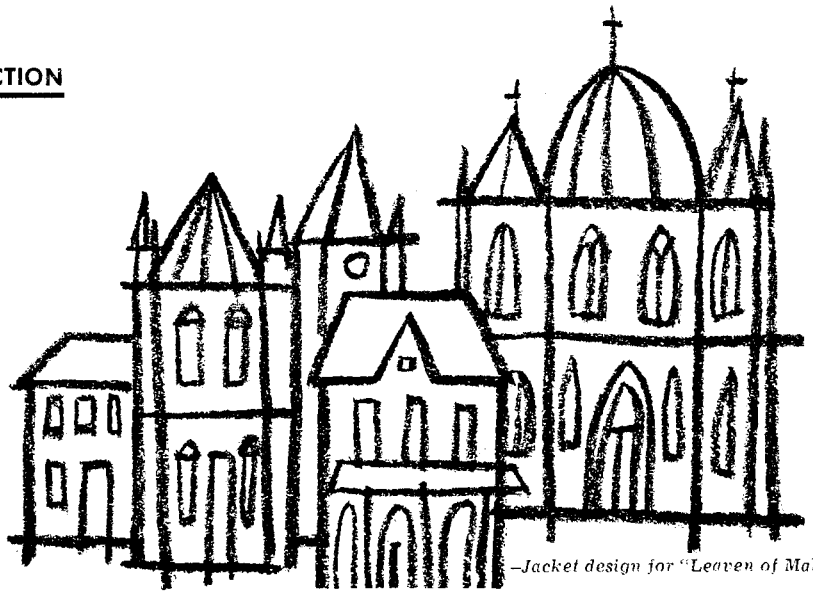

—Jacket design for "Leaven of Malice."

The Stirring and the Swelling

"Leaven of Malice," by Robertson Davies *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 312 pp. $3.50), is a satire on life in a moderate-sized Canadian city, and especially in its university and its cathedral.*

By Edmund Fuller

ONE of the funniest, shrewdest, wittiest, and withal wisest novels to come along in recent seasons is Robertson Davies's "Leaven of Malice." The only thing I know comparable to it was last year's "Pictures from an Institution," by Randall Jarrell. "Leaven of Malice" takes in a broader scene. I think it has all the merit ascribed by her admirers to the books of Ivy Compton-Burnett, with far more humanity and much more direct communication. Mr. Davies establishes himself as a first-class satirist. His story entertains highly, touches the unmistakably grim at moments, and illuminates the human heart.

Gloster Ridley stands at the center of the picture, a quietly decent and able newspaper editor in Salterton, a moderate-sized Canadian city, boasting a university and a cathedral. A spurious engagement announcement appears in his paper. This was a minor act of malice, but it unlooses the fountains of an obsessive and almost insane vanity and malice in Professor Walter Vambrace, whose daughter Pearl is the girl involved. He sets in motion a libel suit which begets a chain reaction. Ferocious backbiting flares up at the newspaper, the university, and the cathedral.

Least considered is the welfare of Pearl, a girl who "looks as if she had been dragged backward through a hedge." The situation compels her to battle for her identity and self-reliance as never before in her tyrannized life. It is much the same with Solly Bridgetower, the young instructor with whom her name was linked, who has dwelt in bondage to his mother and been bullied by his academic superiors into attempting a definitive critical study of a dreary Canadian writer named Heavysege. This is to be Solly's road to a doctorate and contribution to what the department calls "Amcan" (American-Canadian literature).

THE level of Mr. Davies's work is consistently high, with many moments of singular achievement. One of these is his rundown of the kinds of people who read a newspaper and the things for which they are searching. Another is the poison-pen sketch of a couple who can be met on many a campus, Norm Yarrow, assistant director of recreation, and his wife, Dutchy, and the kind of party they give, at which even some of the most docile guests revolt against "organized whee."

But primarily, this novel is about malice, and the dragon's teeth it sows. As Dean Knapp, of the cathedral, says to sanctimoniously malicious Lawyer Snelgrove: "I don't find malice so horrible as you . . . perhaps because I see more of it." He takes the title phrase, "leaven of malice," which is from the Collect for the first Sunday after Easter, and observes: "The writer of that prayer understood malice. It works like a leaven; it stirs, and swells, and changes all that surrounds it."

"Leaven of Malice" is a rich and delightful book. Mr. Davies, a Canadian, has made with it a considerable contribution to "Amcan."

Winged Destiny

"The Navigator," by Jules Roy *(translated by Mervyn Savill. Alfred A. Knopf. 177 pp. $3), tells of a romantic adventure that befell a Free French pilot while on a World War II mission and how it affected his life. Our reviewer, Henri Peyre, recently published a book on "The Contemporary French Novel."*

By Henri Peyre

JULES Roy is a middle-aged French writer who became known at the close of World War II when he began recording his experiences as a Free French pilot serving with the RAF. He soon appeared as the worthiest successor to Saint-Exupéry, whom he worships. But Roy is no imitator. His style is less dazzling and less precious than that of Saint-Exupéry, his message of heroism is more restrainedly expressed or rather remains discreetly implicit. His tone is his own. In the last few years, as a novelist, as a moralist, as a playwright he has climbed close to the top of the French literary Alps. His play, "Les Cyclones" (1954), which staged only one woman character among airmen all reveling in a noble and virile fraternity, his 1955 novel, "La Femme Infidèle," on the unstable and guilty wife of an aviator, have been hailed by French reviewers as a heartening contrast to "Bonjour Tristesse" and to some of the more cynical Existentialist works.

"The Navigator," very concisely and felicitously translated by Mervyn Savill, is a brief and striking book on the one subject close to the heart of Jules Roy: "Grandeur et Servitude Militaire," in Alfred de Vigny's title, as experienced today by the modern knights of a ruthless order of chivalry: the airmen. The opening scenes of the book are dramatic: Lieutenant Ripault, the navigator of a French crew flying with the RAF, back from a raid over the "Happy Valley" of the Ruhr, bailed out of his plane. He found himself alive, caught sight of a house near the field where he had parachuted. He happened to be in England, very near his base, but the only survivor of his plane after a collision. A young English woman answered his call at the gate, gave him tea and sympathy; her own husband was serving somewhere in the Air Force.

Ripault returned to his base, a sadder man for the loss of his friends, a nostalgic man athirst for feminine tenderness. Soon after his accident, he was detailed for operations with Rau-

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—*Marc Foucault.*

Jules Roy—"his own tone."

mer, a bad pilot feared by all the crews. He refused to go, pleading nervous exhaustion. Raumer never returned from his mission. Ripault, held as responsible by a severe chief, reminiscent of Rivière in "Night Flight," found solace and tenderness in the arms of the young woman, whom he visited once more.

But love is granted a scant role in Jules Roy's stories: that fleeting encounter with an absolute of tenderness drove him back to the virile absolute of duty exactingly conceived. Ripault heard of a pilot who, out of fatigue or fear, could hardly see the ground lights any more. He volunteered on a mission with him over the ball-bearing factory of Würzburg. He fraternally guided the blurred eyes of the pilot. Hit by the flak in the wings, unable to parachute in time, both fell into the void.

As with Saint-Exupéry, the dramatic story is secondary to the psychological portrayal of the characters. The airplane is a mere pretext, which enables men to explore the value of simple feelings like comradeship and a restrained, almost chaste love accepted in the face of death. There is no boastfulness in those aviators, who have all experienced fear. Their words are awkward, hesitant; their gestures betray their lack of assurance and their shyness in presence of women; they do not claim to offer a message. They are expendable and they accept the servitude which fate and the times have laid upon them.

With this artistic short novel, Jules Roy, after Saint-Exupéry and the Belgian Closterman, shows that the writers in the French language, perhaps because of their bent as grave moralists and of their sense for artistic restraint, have remained without peers in a new literary realm: that of aviation.

Notes

OLDEST PROFESSION REVISITED: Harold Robbins's subject in **"79 Park Avenue"** (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.50) is almost as old as the novel itself, the honest prostitute who inevitably comes to a bad end. Maryann Flood was born for love. She lived in a slum area in New York with her Polish mother and a stepfather who stayed home guzzling beer while his wife worked at night cleaning offices. The girl was endowed with silver-blond hair, glowing white skin, an opulent figure, good manners, a modicum of intelligence, and a complete lack of chastity. She was forthright and an artist in her adopted profession. She was, as one of her men said, "a special kind of broad, a whore with a code of ethics."

It was inevitable that Maryann should give herself to the neighborhood boys and that she would be manhandled and raped by her stepfather. It was also inevitable that she should be sent to a house of correction for a few months where her first child was born and promptly adopted. She was proficient in the lore of her profession and knew before she was twenty almost every type of man, including the useless son of a wealthy family, an honest cop, and a racketeer who persuaded her to take over a "model agency" at 79 Park Avenue. The agency was, of course, a call house where girls were sent to what used to be called "orgies."

During the seven years Maryann spent in California with the racketeer, until he was killed by the criminals with whom he was associated, she lived in luxury. When she returned to New York the honest cop had become an assistant to the district attorney and it was his disagreeable task to try the only woman he loved on a charge of procurement for purposes of prostitution, for extortion and bribery of public officials. She could have escaped five years of jail if she had been willing to state that the prosecutor who had tried her had been her lover, but Maryann was too noble to do that.

Mr. Robbins's book will live for a while, wrapped in its gaudy paper cover on the newsstands and in the drugstores across the country, easy to read and easy to forget.

—Harrison Smith.

SACCHRINITY IN WALES: A sentimental novel in the style of the late Victorian period is Richard Vaughan's second novel **"Son of Justin"** (E. P. Dutton, $3.50). Unhappily it possesses all the deficiencies of the genre and none of its virtues. Its characters are lifeless, the contrived situations implausible, and the heroics involving traditional themes like family feuds, death, suicide, illegitimacy in an archaic and unilluminating manner are infuriating. The setting is Wales, but the Welsh epithets and terms of endearment fail to create any creditable versimilitude; they are as conspicuous as oases in the desert. The values in "Son of Justin" derive from a late nineteenth-century interpretation of Sir Gowain, and are alien to those we have come to associate with the brawling, sensual, matter-of-fact, conniving Welshmen.

—Dachine Rainer.

PIONEER DAYS DOWN UNDER: Catherine Gaskin's long, old-fashioned romantic yarn, **"Sara Dane"** (Lippincott, $3.95), is loosely based on the hectic career of one Mary Reibey, a legendary Australian heroine who overcame the fact that she arrived in her adopted country as a convict and rose to wealth and social eminence in the colony. As such it will tempt some readers from television and will relieve others of their atomic anxieties, for it transports us back to the late eighteenth century, when Australia was a penal colony but when, even then, there were those who saw baronial visions of wealth and power. Among these visionaries was the lady whom Miss Gaskin has called Sara Dane and who, along with a husband whom she met on board the convict ship, helped to develop three sprawling farms, open a store, build a

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 631

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 631 will be found in the next issue.

SK WCQO JNCP FT

BPTL LCOK LST SNO

QCOVTZKPKQ SK

CO HTF OT.

ARWECECRO OMPRO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 630

He that mischief hatcheth, mischief catcheth.

—W. Camden.

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couple of homes, run a fleet of trading vessels, and buy her way into society. No fragile heroine, Sara manages to balance a ledger as well as to wield a dagger. When her husband is slain in a convict riot she takes hold and consolidates her position by making a second marriage with an elegant Frenchman who is as fascinating as he is rich. She also manages to keep busy right up to the end, with adventures that include skirmishes with floods, smugglers, and convict mobs. All these give Miss Gaskin the chance to draw a picture of an emerging society and an emerging national spirit.
—CHARLES LEE.

TRAGIC HOUSEHOLD: The family has taken such a pummeling in the French novel during the last thirty-five years that one wonders how it still stands. Now Celia Bertin has written a novel about a family dominated by a mother who drives two of her daughters to suicide. An atmosphere of Greek tragedy permeates her **"The Last Innocence"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.75). Outside the illustrious façade of her grand Riviera villa nobody knows that Mme. Touray has already destroyed her husband, a great poet whose public career she had managed as well as her own prosperous commercial enterprises, and that now, as his widow, she is wrecking the lives of all about her to maintain the fiction of a model family dwelling in harmony. Then, from the supine figures of her children and her children-in-law an Elektra arises in the form of her lesbian daughter Paula to avenge the father and to tell the truth to the world. The action proceeds slowly through episodes and descriptions, sometimes moving backwards to pick up its trail and finally stopping before the broad plains of serenity and happiness which, Miss Bertin implies, stretch out for Paula and for her dead sister's husband, Etienne. Unhappily, instead of catharsis the work produces a malaise of unfulfilment and moral chaos. How can this pair change their skins—this Paula, whose lovers have always been women, and this Etienne, whose love for Paula resulted in his own wife's suicide? For ethical and psychological reasons, if not esthetic ones, Miss Bertin might have done well to invoke the Erinyes. It is doubtful if Marjorie Deans's translation has improved the original. —LAURENT LESAGE.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1113)

COCHRAN:
HALLELUJAH, MISSISSIPPI!

Dad would agree to gamble on the debtor's industry, and ability, and sickness, and the weather, and the price of cotton, and the boll weevil, and the droughts, or too much rain, and just take a big chance on not getting paid his money at all.

IRIS THE INDOMITABLE: The fact that Margaret Mackay's ninth novel, **"The Four Fates"** (John Day, $4.50), will occasion no discussion among the Nobel Prize committee need not detain us: it is a generous offering of urbane and adult entertainment. Covering twenty-eight years and five men in Iris Holiday's heavily-rostered life, it ranges in scene from England to France to Connecticut to Texas, in men from Napoleons-of-the-boudoir to exquisites of the art world, and in mood from disillusion to rapture. Iris, the beautiful daughter of a breezy U. S. musical-comedy star, has old-fashioned notions of feminine dependency and her dreams are as bourgeois as a budget vacation. She woos domesticity, she dreams of romping about a charmingly disheveled farmhouse, and she yearns to maternalize a mixed herd of animals and children. By the time she reaches her middle years she achieves one of these ambitions: she gets her herd of children, but the process is long and stormy. It involves enough emotion on her part to satisfy a clinic of psychiatrists and the kind of endurance that is thought to be possessed only by saints and truck-drivers. The men in her life are: Lionel Massingham, a handsome, cigar-scented tycoon; Sir Leslie Fennill, a sardonic esthete; Christopher St. John, an affectionate talker; Lionel's son Monty, an ornithologist; and Bill Bower, a jaunty, leather-skinned Texan. That she appeals to all these—to the old and young of them—is proof of her sovereign beauty. Three of them she marries, and Miss Mackay manages the whole hectic story with an assured and bright garrulity. Outdoors Miss Mackay's scenic touches are lyric; indoors they have the skilled decorator's eyes. Now and again Miss Mackay delivers telling strokes of portraiture and the piquant dramatic situation finds her equal to the challenge: Iris, for example, while staying at Lionel's house receives both her lover and her mother-in-law, proving the appealing character of Iris, of course. —C. L.

ALSO NOTED: Life begins for five Broadway characters at the Saratoga yearling sales, where they merge assets to buy a gray colt named Penniless. The horse then proceeds to run untrue to his name—bringing to his owners money, fame, and mutual suspicion. Mel Heimer compiles the track record of Penniless and company in **"Penniless Blues"** (Putnam, $3.50), a cheerfully sentimental narrative somewhere between Damon Runyon and John O'Hara.

To all of us who have dreamed of large-scale embezzlement, Myrick Land's **"Search the Dark Woods"** (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.50) will provide little comfort. An absconder, implies Mr. Land, is a fellow so overcome with a sense of his own mediocrity that even when he finds himself in Caracas with a valisefull of loot, he isn't really happy. In Mr. Land's imaginative novel of the chase, a thoughtful private eye unravels an embezzler's psyche and thereby gains a greater insight into his own mental subterfuges.

In the winey air of St. Tropez, Lord Edward Wallingford woos Constance, his fey young bride, because he likes the way she throws a bunch of grapes out the window. But once married and ensconced in a hamlet near Geneva, Edward's ardor leaves him and he retreats into a separate bedroom, where he smokes too many cigarettes and keeps a diary. Constance, *Naturkind* that she is, keeps a lover . . . lucky Pierre, the part-time chauffeur. The further adventures of Lady Wallingford's lover are to be found in Christopher Veiel's **"Heads and Hearts"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), which the publishers hopefully refer to as "a sophisticated novel." Ah well, maybe so.

Graham Holt, a young Boston toff, burns the manuscript of his novel because it bears a similarity to one written by a lady acquaintance. The other manuscript is accidentally incinerated a short time later, but by this time Graham is in the investment business. Graham marries his secretary; the other lady goes to Europe; Graham's father acquires a dog named Colin. If these high spots of **"To Each His Dream"** (Doubleday, $2.95) seem unpromising, let us remember that Sara Ware Bassett has written forty-odd novels and evidently knows what she is doing. —MARTIN LEVIN.

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Divine Status for All Men

"Recovery of Faith," by Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan *(Harper. 205 pp. $3), is the plea of a distinguished Indian philosopher-statesman for a religion of the spirit. Professor Paul A. Schilpp of Northwestern University, who reviews it here, edited a volume called "The Philosophy of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan."*

By Paul A. Schilpp

IN a slight but weighty volume called "Recovery of Faith," Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, India's great philosopher-king (he is, as everyone knows, Vice President of India), has given us another reasoned and impassioned plea for "the religion of the spirit."

Recognizing, as Radhakrishnan does, that "the human race may end by destroying itself" and that we are living in a "numbed and disillusioned age," whose "values are blurred," whose "thought is confused," whose "aims are wavering," he declares that the contemporary mind is "vacillating between vague metaphysical fears and deep mystical yearnings." He sees the great need of the hour, therefore, in a recovery of faith, a faith which, in the first instance, is "faith in the free spirit of man." Since man's future "depends on what we think and will," the present "trend to annihilation is not inevitable."

"Self-consciousness," he insists, "implies ethical freedom. . . . By the employment of freedom man can raise himself to the divine status or degrade himself into animal life. . . . Every moment we literally make ourselves by choosing from the future, which is the realm of the possible."

Belief, Radhakrishnan freely admits, may be difficult; yet, "the need for believing is inescapable." For, if we are to retain our moral integrity, "technical progress has to be balanced by increased self-mastery." Fortunately, human nature has "immeasurable potentialities. . . . We can remake the world." Moreover, such faith is "a rational faith, which does not mock the free spirit of man by arbitrary dogmas or hesitating negations." In fact, "when we repudiate reason and demand faith, we play into the hands of dictators. . . . Authoritarian creeds overlook the value of individual freedom, of personal integrity."

Although no historical religion has a monopoly on this kind of faith, such "religion of the spirit" actually is the foundation of each of the world's major religions. Unfortunately, however, the external expressions of these religions have tended to move away from this underlying foundation. Although all "religions have proclaimed the unification of humanity as their goal," they have in actuality tended "to keep people apart . . . by their claims to finality and absoluteness." As a result, "our efforts to coordinate moral and spiritual forces to shape the future are being sterilized by the rivalries of religions." The future of religion cannot consist of the triumph of any one religion and still less of "a state of conflict or anarchy among religions," nor even of a "vague incongruous eclecticism"; but rather of an "acceptance of a fundamental unity with a free differentiation."

As the major enemies of "the religion of the spirit" Radhakrishnan names secularism, paganism, nationalism, Communism, authoritarianism, and religious sectarianism, wherever these are found. For, the religion of the spirit is "catholic, universal, applicable to all classes and conditions of men." In brief, if men of faith in all religions would only learn to stress the basic moral and spiritual insights of their respective religions, they would find that what unites us is infinitely more significant than the unimportant differences which seem to divide us.

—*Government of India Press Bureau.*

Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan: "We can remake the world."

In fact, "God-men" like Gautama and Jesus, being the "precursors of the truly human . . . show us what humanity is capable of." The incarnation, so far from being a one-time historic event, "is an act which goes on continually." Jesus is "man universalized" and "God individualized." Ideas, all of these, which the ethical and spiritual humanist cannot but welcome and applaud.

IN VIEW of the foregoing, it is surprising to read Radhakrishnan's appraisal of humanism. According to him, it "overlooks the immortal longings, the intimations of sanctity, the hunger and thirst for holiness, the readiness to suffer persecution and martyrdom. . . . Humanism today is in search of a soul."

Consequently, Radhakrishnan, after having extolled man's mind, reason, freedom, and spirit, proceeds to explain that "all religions are founded on the personal experiences of the seers who become directly aware of an Infinite Spiritual Presence beyond and within the range of the world of change and succession." From Chapter V on, then, we are being made to follow the great mystics in all ages and climes into the mystical union of man's finite spirit with the Absolute, by whatever name. To most Occidental minds this will come as a strange anti-climax.

However, this paradoxical combination of a thoroughgoing (Unitarian) humanism with (Quaker, Catholic, and Oriental) mysticism shows Radhakrishnan again in the role which has been preeminently his for several decades, that of a link, a bridge-builder between opposites. Both by occupation (for years he commuted annually between England and India as professor at Oxford and as Vice Chancellor at the Banaras Hindu University) and interest, he has been trying to bridge the gaps between East and West, between Oriental thought and religion and Occidental life and spirit.

His ultimate aim in all this has been unmistakable and is reaffirmed in "Recovery of Faith," namely, to help men by such recovery of universal faith to end the present chaos and anarchy, and to unite mankind in a worldwide order of human decency, reason, self-respect, dignity, and freedom. This aim itself should make this book required reading in both East and West.

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The Meat of Truth

"The New Being," by Paul Tillich *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 179 pp. $2.75), is a new collection of sermons by one of the most influential theologians of our day. It is reviewed below by Charles W. Kegley, professor of philosophy at Wagner College, editor of the Library of Living Theology.*

By Charles W. Kegley

IN the entire history of Christendom one can count on one's fingers all the persons who were at once first-rate theologians or philosophers and unquestionably effective preachers. In this astonishingly select company of an Augustine, Ambrose, and Luther, stands a living American—Paul Tillich. A newly published volume, "The New Being," presents twenty-three of his sermons, most of which were delivered in colleges and universities and in Union Theological Seminary of New York City, where he was a professor of philosophical theology from 1933 until his recent appointment to the Harvard Divinity School.

Every theologian faces an exacting twin obligation: to make clear and compelling his insight into the truth and to show his fellow man how this truth can and should be expressed in everyday life. Most preaching, however, suffers either from theological diseases—often plain anemia—or from practical irrelevance. This helps to explain why discerning modern Americans, especially the skeptics and intellectuals, criticize the Christian preacher bluntly with two questions: "Is that so?" and "So what?" Tillich's superb contribution consists not only in his diagnosis of these diseases of theological irresponsibility and practical irrelevance, but also in offering the only effective remedies: a critical theology which is explicitly applied to the condition of man today.

All his mature life Tillich has been exploring the question of our ultimate concern and the answer of the Christian message. The distinguishing feature of his writing in general and of these sermons in particular, is that in spite of their existentialist perspective they are not cursed with the obscurantism and pseudo-wisdom of much of the theology, philosophy, and preaching which thunders in pulpits and lecture halls today. These sermons, on the contrary, exhibit a Socratic-like demand for clarity, for concrete evidence for any statement, and for a delineation of how vital religion is related to political, artistic, psychological, and sociological issues. Little wonder that Tillich has an enormous influence on the American mind.

At first glance, one wouldn't expect people to get very excited about the idea of "New Being"—can you think of a more abstract concept than "being"? What does it mean? The answer affords the key to Tillich's total theological system on the one hand, and to its vitality and usefulness on the other hand. The New Being or Creation—in each of us and in society—is not a religious rite or rule, nor even something that simply takes the place of the Old Being. It is "a renewal of the old which has been corrupted, distorted, split, and almost destroyed. But not wholly destroyed. Salvation does not destroy creation; but it transforms the Old Creation into a New one. Therefore, we can speak of the New in terms of a re-newal: the three-fold "re", namely, re-conciliation, re-union, re-surrection." How reconciliation and reunion with God and our fellowman can occur, and how the New Being creates life out of death here and now—these are the issues he explores under the three main themes: the New Being as love, as freedom, and as fulfillment. These are the responses to the conditions examined in his earlier companion book of sermons, "The Shaking of the Foundations" (1948). In that volume the emphasis was on questions: How shall we diagnose the plight of modern man and of his near destruction? In this book he is presenting the answers in fresh terminology of the Gospel.

In these chapters, as in all his recent writing, Tillich's style is excellent, especially considering the fact that he worked in the German language until he was forty years old. His sentences are short, his meaning is clear, and he often rises to literary heights through the use of balanced sentences. Because this writing is charged with emotion and imagination it becomes on occasion symphonic in its effectiveness.

Most of Tillich's sermons are superlative examples of exegetical preaching. A few leave one with the awkward feeling that the text or quotation is used as the occasion, if not the pretext, for the discussion which follows. A rather high level of comprehension is always presupposed. The reader or hearer who is not versed in theology and philosophy is likely to feel a bit lost. This is meat, not pablum. It is completely free from pulpit rhetoric and worn out holy phrases signifying nothing. Tillich is always instructive and compelling, so his message elicits critical response, not an emotional jolt or gullible assent to dogma. Tillich's demand upon himself and upon his hearer to wrestle valiantly for the truth and to share that truth in love is a quality which makes him an apostle *par excellance* to the religiously estranged of our day.

Paul Tillich—"Meat, not pablum."

Freedom's Challenge

IDEAS IN THE IDEOLOGICAL WAR: Professor Elton Trueblood's thesis in **"Declaration of Freedom"** (Harper, $1.50), is that if the free world is to be victorious in the current ideological warfare, victory will not come by war nor through military or economic strength but by the demonstrated superiority of the ideas of freedom and equality as we conceive of them. The positive proposal made in this book is that we of the West spell out for ourselves and for the world the meaning of freedom in simple, concrete terms. This Trueblood attempts to do by outlining all too briefly what it means to have freedom to learn, to debate, to worship, to work, to live, and to serve. Those who would take time to think about the state of the world, and are not satisfied to accept uncritically the pronouncements of politicians, commentators, and columnists will find in this little book a sound and readily followed guide, if not a profound one.

—KENNETH D. MILLER.

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Teaching Johnny to Read

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The popular misconception that books which deal with the subject of education are all dull, albeit well-meaning, was dramatically exploded by a book published by Harper & Brothers early last spring.* ***"Why Johnny Can't Read"*** *($3), by Rudolf Flesch, a Ph.D. from Columbia University's Teachers College and author of many books on writing, is a scalding attack on the methods by which the subject of reading is being taught in American schools. The book has been angrily attacked by schoolteachers and just as angrily defended by aroused parents. Unlike any other educational book in our time, it has popped up week after week on best-seller lists, has been syndicated in newspapers throughout the country, and has been the cause of a host of articles now appearing in national magazines.*

A month ago (June 25) SR *published an objective summary and two opposing reviews of another recent controversial book about education, Mortimer Smith's "The Diminished Mind." This week we publish a summary (which is as objective as we can make it) of "Why Johnny Can't Read," together with two opposing opinions of it. William Morris, who takes the affirmative side in the debate, is the editor-in-chief of a leading publishing house, the editor of a dictionary, and the author of a nationally syndicated newspaper column called "Words, Wit, and Wisdom." He is also, he assures us, an "aroused parent." Emmett Albert Betts, who has written the review which opposes the book, is professor of psychology at Temple University and director of the Betts Reading Clinic in Haverford, Pa.*

Methods currently being used to teach reading in American schools were described in detail in "The ABCs of the Battle Over the Three Rs" (SR *Sept. 11, 1954*).

The Book

"WHY JOHNNY Can't Read" is a short, well-organized book, divided into two distinct sections. The first section contains Mr. Flesch's analysis of why he thinks schoolchildren today are incapable of reading as well as he would like them to read. The second contains Mr. Flesch's own primer of phonics for teaching children to read. Both sections are highly critical of educators for using "modern" methods of teaching reading.

"Let me spell out in so many words what I am trying to say in this book," Mr. Flesch writes in the first section of his book. "Your child's trouble with reading comes solely from the fact that in school he has been taught word guessing instead of reading—and by reading I mean getting the meaning of words formed by letters on a printed page, and nothing else.

The trouble with modern methods of teaching children to read, says Mr. Flesch, is that they are taught to memorize words, not to read them letter by letter. "We have decided to forget that we write with letters and learn to read English as if it were Chinese," he says.

"If a child isn't taught the sounds of the letters, then he has absolutely nothing to go by when he tries to read a word. All he can do is guess. Suppose a child tries to read the sentence, 'I saw a kangaroo . . .' If he has been trained in phonics, he simply 'sounds out' the [letters] and reads 'kangaroo' as easy pie." But says Mr. Flesch, today's schoolchildren are not being taught the sounds of letters. They have to guess at them. As proof of his argument, he cites the examples of children in some schools he visited while he was writing his book. These children, he says, could not tell the difference between the words "ancient" and "accident." One girl read "said" instead of "jumped" and one boy, who was learning to read in a class where flash cards were used, recognized the word "children" only because the particular card with the word "children" on it had a smudge at the corner.

TO BOLSTER his theory of the need for phonics, Mr. Flesch also visited a school where old-fashioned phonics were taught. "These children," he says, "did *not* go through the ritual that I had seen performed dozens of times in another school. They did *not* chant words, one by one, laboriously and insecurely, in a monotonous, one-word-after-another singsong. Instead, they did something that I have seen done in no other classroom. *They read the story.* They went through the pages at a pretty fast clip, with completely natural intonation, laughing spontaneously at one place, expressing surprise at another, following the thread of the story with animated suspense."

Mr. Flesch proposes that parents teach their five-year-old children to read before they enter school in order to offset the disadvantages of the present-day teaching methods, and the second section of his book is devoted to a series of seventy-two word lists which the child should sound out as he copies them from the book. The words are grouped by phonic elements, the first list, for example, containing ninety three-letter words containing the short vowel *a*. For parents who are uncertain of their own ability to teach reading to their children, Mr. Flesch says, "You paint your living room . . . . Why not take on instruction in reading? Surely you can do a simple job like that." And, as proof that a parent can do so, he includes some sample material from the type of primer used in today's schools. The implication: that anybody can teach reading to a child better than such gibberish can teach him. The sample material which, according to Mr. Flesch, is supposed to achieve its effect by repetition:

Father said, "I want something. I want to get something. Something for the car. We can get it here."

"Oh, Father," said Sally. "What do you want? What do you want for the car?"

Father said, "You will see. You will see."

Up, up went the car. "Oh, oh," said Jane. "See the car go up. The car can go for a ride. It can ride up."

Sally said, "Oh! See Tim! He went up, too. He and Spot and Puff went up."

Sally said, "Look, Father! Spot and Puff want to jump. Please make the car come down. Can you make it come down?"

"Yes, Sally," said Father. "We can make the car come down. We will get Spot and Puff and Tim". . . .

Though Mr. Flesch has quoted the above story without benefit of the pictures which accompanied it in the actual textbook, he still considers it gibberish. It is a wonder says Mr. Flesch, in an educational system where such "stories" are regarded as necessary because no basic phonics have been taught, that our Johnnies are not considerably less adept at the art of reading than they actually are.

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Pro

By William Morris

THIS year a major state university in the Midwest has had to schedule forty-three classes in Remedial English—which can only mean that it can fill forty-three classrooms with pupils of college age and intelligence who cannot adequately read, write, and spell. Is it any wonder, then, that parents the length and breadth of the country have been perplexed and angry at the failure of the schools to teach otherwise intelligent children how to read and write? Is it to be wondered at that after receiving from their child's teachers bland and condescending rebuffs—usually couched in academic gobbledygook—they have greeted with such enthusiasm the appearance of Rudolf Flesch's "Why Johnny Can't Read"? For here they find a lucid and thoroughly documented explanation of the origin of this shocking situation—and the reasons why it will persist unless and until the entrenched educators start to pay some heed to the protests of aroused and informed and suffering parents.

Mr. Flesch has done a more than reasonably thorough job of documenting his work—frequently quoting passages from educational journals and from the published monographs of the reading "experts." One suspects that the authors of some of the passages quoted by Mr. Flesch are now smarting at the revelation of their fundamental nonsensicality when exposed to the light of public print. As an example, note this statement from a university "expert" on reading: "Current practice in the teaching of reading does not require a knowledge of the letters [of the alphabet]. . . . In remedial work such knowledge is helpful." In other words, try to teach the child to run before he walks. After he has fallen down sufficiently often that it becomes obvious that he needs "remedial work," teach him to take one step at a time.

Among advanced English teachers and on college faculties Mr. Flesch has many supporters. A professor of linguistics at a leading Eastern university writes: "Flesch has given the public a clear, well-reasoned, convincing account of the present mess in reading and how we have gotten there. It was about time somebody did just this." And the children's librarian in a major Southern public library writes: "'Why Johnny Can't Read' makes articulate in understandable language to the lay reader what thousands of intelligent people have been trying to tell educators for many years." Indeed, it sometimes appears that the aspect of this book which rankles the reading "experts" most deeply is the fact that its author is himself a Ph.D. from Teachers College, Columbia University—the fountainhead from which the "sight" and "word-recognition" theories were first enunciated.

More important, however, are widespread indications that Flesch's book has already begun to have a remedial effect on educators. I have before me a clipping from *The New York World-Telegram* headed "Reading Instruction Everyone's Business" and containing this paragraph about a meeting of New York City public-school principals: "The controversial matter of teaching reading by phonics instead of word recognition came in for considerable discussion on the program." Without retreating completely from support of the "sight-reading" method, the conclusion was that "for most children the teaching of phonics should start in the first year."

THE second part of Mr. Flesch's book, headed "What You Can Do About It," consists of a series of exercises and phonic drills designed for use by the parent with his child, preferably before the child enters school. What each parent should do is to study this teaching material with care and then work it regularly into daily play with the preschool child. When your youngster asks how to spell his name or the names of his friends and pets help him learn the value of each letter by teaching him to enunciate each syllable as he writes. "Reading readiness" experts to the contrary, any reasonably intelligent child is ready and eager for this simple word-play at age four or five, providing he has learned his alphabet from an "old-fashioned" mother or grandmother.

If enough American parents read and follow the precepts that Mr. Flesch so effectively sets forth "Why Johnny Can't Read" may well be ranked the most important contribution to the betterment of public-school teaching methods in the past two decades. Hundreds of thousands of parents, inarticulate in the face of the pompous and condescending "explanations" of the educators, have at last found a highly articulate and very well-informed spokesman. The sparks have begun to fly, and unless I miss my guess the results will be beneficial to every educator, pupil, and parent of every pupil.

Con

By Emmett Albert Betts

IN THIS book journalist Flesch reports his "absolutely fantastic" finding: "The teaching of reading—all over the United States, in all the schools, in all textbooks—is totally wrong and flies in the face of all logic and common sense." With supreme confidence, he assures his reader that while working with one pupil he "knew of a way to teach reading that was altogether different from what they do in schools or in remedial reading courses or anywhere else." He offers a very simple formula for everyone: "Learning to read means learning to sound out words."

Mr. Flesch—a master of histrionics—has written a readable book on phonics for parents and teachers. Probably none of his readers can remain unmoved by his condemnation of "our Chinese word-learning system," "the frighteningly idiotic work of educational drudges," and "this deadly warfare between the entrenched 'experts' and the advocates of common sense." His use of emotive language is very effective.

In his effort to present his case for phonics Flesch has introduced confusion regarding what reading is. He quotes a dictionary definition, to "get the meaning of writing or printing." He twists this definition by insisting that "reading means getting meaning from combinations of letters." He tells a native of Prague that he could not "understand a word" of the Czech newspaper—"I can only read it." Throughout his book he says he teaches the child to "read words" when he means to identify, or pronounce them. He drills home his idea that reading is merely the identification of words by means of phonics: "Teach the child what each letter stands for and he can read." If the teaching of reading could be reduced to this simple formula and if this formula could be applied to *all* children Mr. Flesch could become the Albert Einstein of reading instruction.

In a few pages Mr. Flesch outlines his natural method of teaching phonic skills which he calls "teaching reading." He begins by teaching the short sounds represented by *a, e, i, o, u* and the sounds represented by "all consonants spelled by single letters." Quite logically but not psychologi-

(*Continued on page 27*)

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American Culture for Export

THE conception held abroad in almost every country that the United States is undoubtedly a fabulously wealthy nation but that it lacks any of the cultural aspects of life is rapidly disappearing. That it has lasted so long has been our own fault, for until this year we have done little or nothing to put an end to it. Even a nation so enlightened as France has judged us by the motion pictures we have sent abroad, by translations of our novels, and by the more lurid aspects of American life revealed in our newspapers. Frenchmen may have admired Hollywood's lavish technique, but films have given the impression that our people live in gaudy mansions, behave like gangsters, drive around the country in enormous automobiles. Europeans may have recognized that our foremost writers deserved the acclaim they have received, but they knew the South only through William Faulkner's novels, the Middle West as it was interpreted by Sinclair Lewis and later neo-naturalists, and the Far West through John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath."

Our first attempt to present a different aspect of American culture was launched in January by ANTA, The American National Theatre Academy, sponsored by our State Department, and hailed by President Eisenhower, who predicted that it would be of vast significance to the cause of friendship and understanding between the people of America and Western Europe. Most of the funds necessary for the project were raised from private sources. Known as "Salute to France," ANTA offered a two-month program —the theatre, the ballet, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and an exhibition of fifty years of American art which drew an average daily attendance of 2,500 people.

"Salute to France" closed on July 7 after two successful months, headlined by Judith Anderson in her favorite role in "Medea," the Rogers and Hammerstein musical "Oklahoma," Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth," the New York City Ballet directed by George Balanchine, and three concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. This large and expensive enterprise has indeed exceeded the hopes of its founders. It was a magnificent answer to anti-Americanism, which as Robert Sherwood said "has drenched the people of Europe with propaganda, first by the Nazis and then by the Communists, an answer which says in effect, 'the Americans have money, they have power, but they are uncultured barbarians'."

"SALUTE to France" was conceived in June of last year. A letter had come to the attention of ANTA through diplomatic channels stating that the Minister of Fine Arts of France had suggested to Ambassador C. Douglas Dillon that in the spring of 1955 America might stage a great festival of the arts in Paris. ANTA was at the same time informed that our Government had no funds available for so expensive a project, but was asked politely if it would assume the responsibility of raising the necessary funds and directing the entire festival. The French Government offered to provide the necessary theatres, fully staffed, and without charge.

To the average American it might appear that since the United States Government has spent billions of dollars to revive the economy of many foreign nations, it might be induced to hallmark a few hundreds of thousands of dollars to continue a venture which has proved its value. Indeed, President Eisenhower in his State of the Union message to Congress last year proposed the establishment of a Federal Arts Commission to encourage artistic endeavors. "In the advancement of the various activities which will make our civilization endure and flourish," he said, "the Federal Government should do more to give official recognition to the importance of the arts and other cultural activities." It would seem to be reasonable that, if his idea is accepted by the Government, part of the necessary funds should be used to send examples of American art and culture to every country where it would be acceptable. But whether or not his suggestion is accepted, ANTA's foreign venture in Paris and elsewhere has led to worldwide cultural efforts. The Gershwin-Du Bose Heyward operetta, after a tour in Yugoslavia, Greece, and the Near East, opened in the Municipal Theatre in Rio De Janeiro on July 9 where it was received, according to *The New York Times*, with "thunderous applause." It was also the greatest social event of the season. Last May the Symphony of the Air ended a triumphant tour of the major cities of Japan. According to a press report a Japanese critic wrote that he did not believe there have been any musicians from abroad "who have so successfully grasped the heart-strings of the Japanese people." Thousands of people lined up at box-offices a day in advance, sleeping on the ground wrapped in quilts. The musicians were flown to Okinawa and Korea. This was only the beginning of the Symphony's Far Eastern tour, which was extended two weeks to play in Bangkok, Singapore, Colombo, Kuala Lampur, Manila, and Hong Kong. The tour was sponsored by ANTA's Exchange Program.

A conception which has in so short a time proved that other nations, aside from Russia, are eager to know more of American culture, that they will welcome our actors, dancers, and musicians, will applaud them if they deserve it and treat them handsomely in the press, should be given every opportunity to expand and to prove once and for all time that we do not deserve the reputation of being a country without culture of any significance. The day may come when Russia and the United States will exchange their art, their drama, music, and ballet. The revelation of their different cultures may prove to be a better key to co-existence than armies and atomic weapons. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CENSORSHIP OF LIBRARIES

As a librarian I thank you for the article, "Censors and the Library" [*SR* July 2], is something that should be brought to the attention of the public. Of course, the information is familiar to librarians through their professional reading, but the general public is either unaware or indifferent to censorship or other conforming pressures on the libraries of America. The geographical spread of the censorship attempts should be interesting to your readers, as it indicates that the censorship bogey is not something which is limited to the "Wild West," the "Effete East," or the "Decadent South."

Frank J. Anderson.

Salina, Kans.

THE HIGHER LOYALTY

Earl Schenck Miers's interpretation of Grant, Lee, and Lincoln was compelling and deeply moving ("He Reduced War to Four Words" [*SR* July 9]). I speak as one reared in the South.

For me the tragedy of Lee arises from inability to choose the higher loyalty—a difficulty of even lesser minds in the conflict of principles today. Dramatic literature contains nothing more affecting than the life of this man, whose home site looked over on the very capital of his country, yet who chose to lead the army of a cause in which he did not believe—and to lead it to the bitter end. As Lincoln proved to be the single greatest resource of the Union, so Lee for dis-union. Consider the growth of Lincoln as he gained strength from the high choice, as against Lee's stoic descent into failure in supporting what he knew to be wrong. What needless ruin might have been spared had this noble person, Lee, made his choice the other way.

J. L. Zwingle.

Ithaca, N. Y.

A FABLE

I am distressed that Earl Schenck Miers should have resurrected the old newspaper calumny, extensively exploited by P. T. Barnum, that Jefferson Davis was "caught . . . running away in one of his wife's dresses." Not only does no official report by anyone present at Davis's capture confirm this tale, but the only two of his captors who originally recognized him specifically denied it, and agreed with his own account. He was wearing a gray suit (now in the Confederate Museum in Richmond) and a waterproof "raglan" or "ulster," which did indeed belong to his wife, but which he donned by mistake because his own was identical with it except for the size. This garment and a "traveling shawl," common in the period, which he wore in lieu of a hat, were sent to the War Department, and were still there in the Taft Administration.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"It seems he saved money for quite an elaborate tomb. However, the taxes were raised last year and . . ."

One of the men who took Davis prisoner, Captain James H. Parker, in denying this fabrication, told the Portland, Maine, *Argus*: "I am no admirer of Jefferson Davis. I am a Yankee, full of Yankee prejudices, but think it wicked to lie about him." I commend these sentiments to Miers. Davis was beyond question, "severe, cantankerous, argumentative," but he was uncompromisingly brave, as his war record in Mexico demonstrates, and he was not the man to run away "in one of his wife's dresses."

W. J. Williamson, III.

Ashland, Ky.

DAVY CROCKETT

John Haverstick's dissection of "The Two Davy Crocketts" [*SR* July 9], is perceptive and entertaining, but one might wish his research jaunt to the public library had been less hurried, his jotting down of Crockett lore less rapid. For one thing, he perpetuates a common confusion that has plagued us these two decades: It was the *Southwest Review*, not the *Southern Review*, which published the "erudite article by Walter Blair" in July 1940 that differentiated no fewer than six Davys. The estimable and lamented *Southern Review* was published at Louisiana State University between 1935 and 1942, whereas *Southwest Review* has been in continuous publication since 1915 and is preparing to celebrate its fortieth anniversary this fall.

One might wish that Mr. Haverstick had also run across two other Davy Crockett items that would have bolstered his sagging faith in the hero. Constance Rourke's "Davy Crockett: Forgotten Facts and Legends," published in the *Southwest Review* as long ago as January 1934, points to the "careless wealth of Crockett's affiliations and the ease with which legends clustered about his name" but calls Crockett's "Narrative" a classic in our literature, "one of the first to use the American language with fulness and assurance." Much more recently Joseph Leach in "Crockett's Almanacs and the Typical Texan" (*Southwest Review*, Spring 1950) shows how present-day notions of Texans as bloodthirsty braggarts stem directly from the Crockett character.

Allen Maxwell.

Dallas, Tex.

THE CASE FOR HOPE

I liked Arthur Compton's article "The Case for Hope" [*SR* June 18]. He has touched on many broad areas that thinking men and women are concerned with. What I earnestly wish for would be his sharing with us in more personal terms his experience in individual and group efforts, in cooperativeness, in education. Perhaps even simply as guideposts for those who think their lives too busy to be involved. Perhaps such clarification would help others because we do not always know or understand people's motivations. I also wish Compton had used another figure for his sending—"And so we shall build the wall, for the men will have a mind to work." It seems to negate the case for hope. A wall shuts in and shuts out, and provides the basis for further misunderstanding.

Josephine B. Weil.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Theatre as Communication

EXPORTING theatre is one of the most effective ways the people of any nation have of communicating with the people of other countries. Who could be more winning tourists than the stars, director, and hands of a first-rate show? But "communicating" should not be thought of as propagandizing or a gimmick of prestige. What communicating means is the finding of mutual points of similarity beneath the surface of life in various lands, and under various systems of government, so that the people of the country in which the audience is located can come to recognize that foreigners are not strange monsters, but human beings with the same basic drives and feelings that they have.

For instance, on a visit to Soviet-controlled East Berlin last November I was touched and encouraged to find what had appeared to me cold citizens hostile to Western ideas of compassion and the tenderer emotions audibly sighing in sympathy with a sentimental piece of theatre. The occasion was the ending of Bertholt Brecht's "The Caucasian Circle of Chalk," when a little boy runs across the stage to the arms of his adopted mother during a test to decide to which of two parents he is to be awarded. This scene was evoking something fundamental to all human beings, independent of any propaganda message printed in the program.

Although this sort of communication should be the purpose of an international exchange of theatre, there's more to a show than purity of heart. Someone's got to put up the dough. Governments who spend public funds to make possible the sending abroad of plays must sell the project to the people's representatives as more valuable than armament, dams, soil conservation, and other expenditures. This makes it strongly tempting for the theatre to advertise itself as a Cold War weapon. And the fact that the Russian Government has spent nearly $2,000,000,000 on international theatre exchange since the end of World War II strengthens the argument that a burst of Gorki must be countered by a volley of Thornton Wilder.

After obtaining funds from a reluctant Congress or from a less reluctant but extremely cautious State Department, the next step is to arrive at a decision of what to send. And here again, since there is no recognized permanent theatre company, and no guarantee of a continuation of the exchange program, the criterion is, "What will make the best impression?" What's worse is that this last question really means, "What will get a favorable reaction from the press of a big foreign city?" Complicating matters is the fact that a great many of our best plays are those highly critical of the American way of life, or those delving into abnormal behavior. These are put aside as bad ambassadors to people who know us—it is feared—only through this one play. Other countries escape this dilemma by sending classic drama, which is not representational of contemporary life. But young America has virtually no classic plays of our own to export, and no readily identifiable manner with the English classics which distinguishes our acting from that of England.

—From "The Skin of Our Teeth."

". . . the findings of mutual points of sympathy beneath the surface in various lands."

THIS year's advisory panel on the drama set up by the American National Theatre and Academy found itself with a thoroughly proved asset in "Porgy and Bess," and with a subsidy from a special President's fund this attraction was sent to many spots in Europe, the Middle East, and South America, where it could otherwise not have afforded to go. As for new productions, the panel was pretty well stymied. The State Department contract with ANTA provided only for travel expenses and losses incurred because of unfavorable rates of exchange, and not for the underwriting of the cost of production itself. For this and other reasons Salute to France came to be organized as a gesture of private philanthropy. The ANTA Drama Panel, with the advice of the State Department, assisted in making the choices, which in the end turned out to be the least controversial selections possible. Judith Anderson in "Medea" presented an Australian-born actress in a Greek play made American through the rewriting of our distinguished poet, Robinson Jeffers. "The Skin of Our Teeth," a positive-thinking play by the broadly cultured Thornton Wilder, seemed an even better companion-choice when producer Robert Whitehead was able to persuade Helen Hayes and Mary Martin, two of our most extroverted performers, to play the leading roles. And to round out the program, Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma," which combines folk drama and American musical-comedy techniques, appeared the most likely of all to please a Paris audience to which musical comedy is an almost unknown experience.

The press cuttings from Paris have indicated a mixed reaction to the program. With the possible exception of Miss Hayes's performance, none of it bowled over the French critics as did "Porgy and Bess" or even as did a Paris production of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" earlier this season. On the other hand, we did break the cultural ice. If the French have not come to think of us as theatrical supermen,

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—Barry Hyams.

Mary Martin—"a most extroverted performer."

they have at least come to know us as spirited theatrical workers.

But Salute to France is not a good test case. The Paris Festival of which it is a part is more-or-less a tourist attraction held at a time of year when a large number of theatregoing Parisians are away for the summer. The real problem is to break down the barriers of misunderstanding between the people of entire foreign populaces and ourselves. This means allocating funds to make possible tours into the smaller and less glamorous cities and to more distant and more primitive lands.

The prospect of getting our established stars to undertake extended trips of this nature—even if we do succeed in convincing Congress of their desirability—is dim. A week in Paris is one thing. Three months in Southeast Asia at a nominal salary is far less attractive, and not a very sensible step for stars whose services are in demand and whose expenses at home are high.

Fortunately, there is an answer which has proved effective in many countries. A subsidized theatre company composed mainly of young and unestablished players—though often led by two or three stars who prefer working in repertory—could take the American combination of vitality and sincerity to these areas. There are in New York today several off-Broadway groups who are proving how effective young semi-permanent companies can be. Of these, one in particular has arrived at a very definite style of its own which makes any work it does an artistic achievement that could be exported with pride and confidence. This is Circle-in-the-Square, which—operating in the round under José Quintero's direction—usually interests visiting artists and critics more than almost anything on Broadway. Its recent "The King and the Duke," though it received a negative reception from the Broadway critics, is the kind of thing that for better or worse is most representative of America, and because it grows out of the writings of Mark Twain is about the nearest thing we have to a classic. Such a production would be ideal for the smaller cities of Europe and the Asiatic countries. It is real, it is honest, and it is more likely to cause unsophisticated people to find bonds of experience with us than more pretentious and ambitious forms of drama.

ANOTHER possibility—and this is as yet undeveloped—is that Actors Studio with its newly acquired facilities and its immense pool of young talent may mount productions that will utilize our actors' and directors' gifts to a greater extent and with a greater unity than has heretofore been achieved. If it does it may be the cementing of a definite American school of acting.

The ideal solution, of course, would be the setting up of a permanent resident company in New York City which would compare favorably with the national companies to be found in the theatre capitals of every European country. The New York Chapter of ANTA has made this project its primary goal and has made considerable progress in affiliating it with the Columbia University Arts Center. If a permanent resident company can get the support it deserves from both private and government subsidy, it could provide a continuing source of characteristic American theatre at its highest level. It could act as a flagship to all of American theatre, could tour our own country, and could be sent abroad not as propaganda but as a true expression of our way of life.

—Henry Hewes.

COMING AUGUST 6

SR's 1955 Awards for Distinguished Advertising in the Public Interest

Since the Managerial Revolution, the United States economy has been undergoing an important socio-economic change best described as the Public Service Revolution (see page 7 of this issue).

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Don't Miss The August 6 Issue

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Three from the West

SOMEONE once observed that the formula of our modern Westerns is nearly as stylized and predictable as a Restoration comedy. The comparison held no implicit approbation. Actually, the point is valid enough, as even the most casual moviegoer can testify. It is even possible that within the last decade the form has grown still more rigid. Today's Western hero is invariably a drifter, a man of mystery without home or family ties, soft-spoken but quick on the draw, hating guns and violence but handling himself with deadly efficiency when pushed too far. He is a man with a mission, and when his mission is completed he moves on, rarely taking the be-ginghamed heroine with him. Sometimes he has a name, like "Shane." More often, significantly, he is "The Man from Bitter Ridge," "The Man from the Alamo"—a man *from* someplace. Where he is going is beside the point, but what he is seeking *en route* is always the same: justice, to right a wrong, to meet the villain on his own ground and defeat him with his own weapons. It is, of course, a primitive form of justice, a bald romanticizing of frontier justice as it existed years ago. But, as the popularity of these pictures indicates, they strike a responsive chord in Americans—just as Restoration comedy held its own special audiences in its day.

In any case, a stylized form of storytelling permits variations within the presentation itself, variations in the adroitness with which the form is handled, variations in the persuasiveness of characters and situations. And here—as much as in the stars and the millions of dollars poured into the production—lies the difference between a "big Western" and a routine horse-opera. In the "big Western" the all-too-predictable events achieve a curious freshness and validity because one can believe in the characters caught up in them. In the ordinary oater, the very same situations remain flat and lifeless simply because everyone was clearly more concerned with the formula than the people. But after all, Restoration comedy was not just Congreve. It too had more than its share of wretched hack pieces.

If **"The Man from Laramie"** (Columbia) is a "big Western," then, it is not only because its cast includes James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Donald Crisp, and Aline MacMahon (too long absent from the screen), nor because of its CinemaScope and other obviously expensive production values. The film does follow formula from fade-in to end title, with Stewart searching out the white man who sold rifles to the Apaches who murdered his brother, and finding him in the weak-willed, sadistic son of a ruthless cattle baron. But Stewart, through his gangling charm and innate honesty, never lets the hero become simply a stock figure. Writers Philip Yordan and Frank Burt have created for the subordinate players characters that are both colorful and well-motivated. And Anthony Mann, director of the last half-dozen or so of Stewart's pictures, has pitched the film for mounting suspense and boiling action set against the wildly beautiful backgrounds of New Mexico.

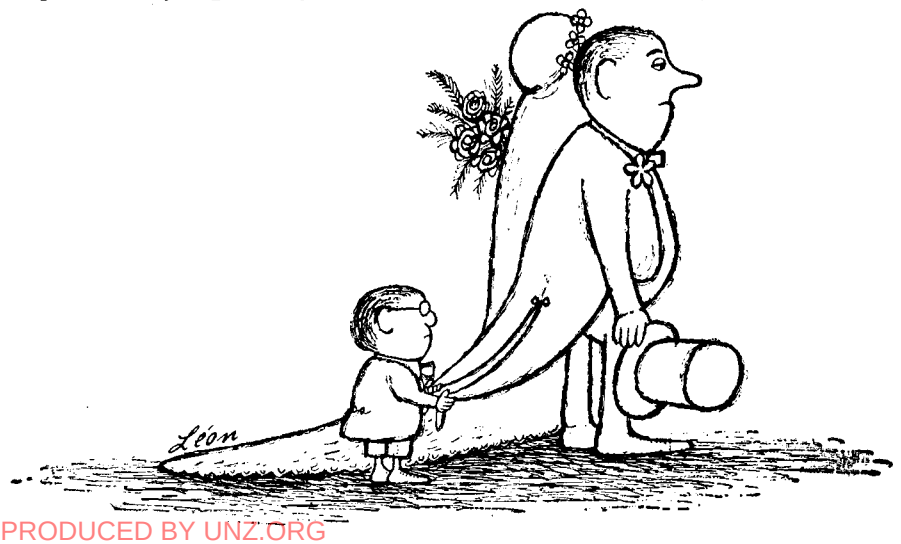
* * *

"Foxfire" (Universal-International) also has hints of formula about it, the "woman's picture" formula. Based on the Anya Seton novel, it tells of a wealthy socialite who marries a poor, struggling engineer, then comes to resent his devotion to his business. But again characterization comes to the rescue. The socialite, well played by Jane Russell, is a surprisingly sensible girl. She tries hard to make her marriage work, understands the difficulties, and sets about solving them intelligently. And her husband, not so well played by Jeff Chandler, is more than a straw-hat man waiting to be pushed over by the final blast from his wife. He is part-Indian, and it is a difference of culture as well as of interests that separates the two. Ketti Frings's script probes unusually deep in analyzing the position of women in an Apache tribe and their relation to their men, with one beautifully handled sequence in which the withered Indian mother explains by indirection the ways of her people to the bewildered young wife. "Foxfire," it should be mentioned, is the name of an abandoned gold mine that the husband is trying to set back into operation. Mines are included in movies for only one reason: they cave in so photogenically. It is the inevitable mine disaster that finally makes Chandler realize that Indian patterns of love are not necessarily the best patterns.

* * *

There would be little point in mentioning **"Ain't Misbehavin'"** (Universal-International), a slight, trite, antiquated musical, were it not so fascinatingly—and symptomatically—tasteless. A chorus girl marries a millionaire and begins to make herself over into the cultured creature she thinks he wants. Of course, all he really wants is someone to go to the ballgames with, to share his hot-dogs and soda pop. In the course of her cultivation, however, she takes lessons in art from a mad modern painter, in music from a pianistic *poseur*, and in ballet from an absurdly effete young dancer. These sessions are presided over by a bibulous, slightly lecherous socialite (played by Reginald Gardiner), and her first efforts to display her new accomplishments are sneered down by a group of tightly-corseted old women who are supposed to represent the cream of San Francisco society. By implication, all the arts are phoney, culture is something for ridiculous snobs, and the eternal verities are to be found in baseball, Dixieland jive, and night-club floorshows. The stereotypes are all there. What makes this film so disturbing is the realization that its makers probably believe them.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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Education

Continued from page 21

cally, he then drills Johnny on the pronunciation of lists of isolated words, presented and reviewed in groups of ninety words on each of nine consecutive pages. Since his idea of reading is word pronunciation he is not concerned with the fact that his five-year-old may not know *mass, jazz, hag, van, sin, fib, mutt,* or *huff.*

The first step is completed when Johnny is drilled on isolated words beginning with *c* and *k* and words ending with *ck*—all representing the sound of *k*. At this point these rules are given: (1) "before *a, o,* and *u* this sound is spelled *c*"; (2) "before *e* and *i* it is spelled *k*"; "after a short vowel it is spelled *k*."

During the second step Mr. Flesch teaches thirty-two combinations of letters, including *x,* used as word endings; five combinations used as word beginnings; *tch* and *ch* used as word endings and *ch* used as a word beginning—a total of thirty-nine phonograms. At this time Johnny is given another rule regarding the *s* and *z* sounds of *s* at the end of a word. In addition, Mr. Flesch introduces a page of two-syllable words, representing compounds, inflectional endings, and at least three different types of syllabication situations. But he does not give systematic help on syllabication and other word-analysis skills because he rules out "another method of word attack."

In the third step Mr. Flesch "teaches" thirty-four phonograms—"vowels and vowel combinations spelled with two letters." He tells the child about two rules for knowing when to expect *oi* or *oy* and *ou* or *ow.* This step is concluded with one page of "mixed" drill on two-syllable and three-syllable words, without any mention of either syllabication or accent.

For the fourth step the child is given forty-five more phonograms plus nine combinations of silent letters. During this time he learns three more rules. For the last step Johnny gets eleven more phonograms and a page of ninety three- and four-syllable words.

MR. FLESCH gives "a reasonably complete recipe" for teaching a five-year-old 151 phonic elements and six phonic rules. For the author, drilling Johnny in phonics is all there is to reading: "Everything else will come to Johnny automatically, because he can now read anything." Furthermore, "this method is guaranteed."

Critical readers, of course, will expect Mr. Flesch to publish information on why he implies his natural method is linguistically sound. For example, a phonetician would accept the sound value assigned to *ea* in *break* and *head* but could he accept *ea* rather than *ear* in *learn?* Also, why would Mr. Flesch omit systematic guidance on syllabication and on the analysis of prefixes and suffixes, which, for good reason, are included in all basic reading programs?

Critical readers also will expect Mr. Flesch to publish his data to demonstrate the psychological validity of his natural method. Experimental psychologists have demonstrated the value of set, meaning, and grouping of elements as stimuli in visual perception, but Mr. Flesch apparently does not consider these factors to be worthy of mention.

Unfortunately, Mr. Flesch fails to mention even one limitation of his simple formula for teaching reading or, for that matter, for teaching word perception. For example, he does not tell his reader how many beginners will be confused by his natural method. He does not tell how many word-callers, or word-by-word readers, he will produce. He merely states that after many months of drill on words in isolation Johnny can pick up anything and read it.

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More Money for Our Colleges

Continued from page 10

porate giving, Dr. Wilson Compton, president of the Council for Financial Aid to Education, cites the belief of many public-spirited citizens that the privately endowed colleges and universities constitute a "means of fortifying freedom of education and with it the freedom of enterprise and our other freedoms which we count as the promise of American life."

The belief that advanced education is essential to the preservation of our way of life has been affirmed by numerous surveys, including an extensive piece of research by the United States Chamber of Commerce as reported in the booklet, "Education—An Investment in People."

Under this general head fall other motivations which might be labeled to some degree self-interested in nature. An example is the belief that, by supporting private colleges and universities, business can help avoid the tax burden that would result if state institutions have to take over the job now performed by the private schools. Another is the dependence of industry upon the colleges for trained personnel and new ideas. Also, it is pretty well established that educated people as a whole demand and help to create a higher standard of living and therefore a better market for the products of business and industry. And, finally, there is the conviction that such gifts tend to promote good will. Free enterprise to flourish and exist needs the franchise of a favorable public opinion.

WHATEVER the motivation behind the prodigious growth in corporate giving—from an estimated $6,000,000 in 1936 to $40,000,000 in 1948 to over $70,000,000 in 1953—the nation's welfare, and that of business and industry, are obviously dependent upon an unceasing flow of young people with knowledge and skills in the arts, sciences, and technical fields. Leaders in education and industry alike are emphatic on that point.

Education's enthusiasm is probably best expressed by provisions made within educator ranks to help corporations custom-build their programs of aid. For example, Rutgers University offers to business and industry the services of a scholarship planning committee. Brown University offers a sponsored scholarship package to business and industry. These plans are working. Many smaller colleges have formed state and regional associations, or federated funds, for joint fund-raising. Other associations of colleges have been based on common purposes or characteristics of students rather than on geographic relationship. The United Negro College Fund and the National Fund for Medical Education fall in this category.

Fundamentally, these steps have been taken to make it easy and attractive for companies to give and to encourage giving in the form most usable by the colleges. Such provisions cut costs of administering scholarship and grant programs so that a larger percentage of funds available get into actual use. They also tend to eliminate restrictions of various kinds which in the past have reduced the value of scholarships, even making it difficult or impossible to find recipients for them.

Corporation managements, in providing funds for education, must consider how they can do the most public good and at the same time serve the best interests of their companies. Most plans recently announced provide aid in one or more of three forms: (1) Mobile dollars to be used where they can best advance the welfare of the whole institution (unrestricted gifts); (2) Grants-in-aid to meet a substantial part of the annual cost of a college education for exceptionally able, but financially needy students (scholarships); and (3) Special service contributions—for salaries, buildings, or other earmarked purposes.

While the plans for corporate support to education vary decidedly, stipulations on most of the new plans reflect an understanding of the critical needs of the colleges.

General Motors Corporation's program of aid to education includes the largest scholarship plan ever adopted by a corporation. It will annually provide 350 four-year scholarships of up to $2,000 per year each to promising students at 306 colleges and universities, which will receive cost-of-education contributions of $500 to $800 per year per scholarship student matriculating. Most recipients are private institutions. In addition, General Motors makes unrestricted grants to numerous institutions. This brings the company's total financial support to higher education to $4,500,000 annually.

One of the most interesting new plans is the Corporate Alumnus Program of the General Electric Educational Charitable Fund. Under the provisions of the plan, the Fund joins with employes of General Electric in the support of colleges and universities at which the employes received their higher education. Personal gifts of employe-alumni to their alma maters will be matched up to $1,000 each. The funds are to be used as each institution sees fit, in accord with its own operation and development program. The trustees of the Fund have expressed the hope that the plan will stimulate universities to work harder to obtain the support of their own alumni. This G. E. innovation is in additon to an extensive program of gifts, endowments, grants-in-aid, scholarships, and fellowships.

THE Procter and Gamble Company and the Procter and Gamble Fund have also announced a significant extension of an already substantial program of aid to education. The company will annually make available to each of twenty-five to thirty colleges in various sections of the country two four-year full-tuition scholarships, with an allowance for books and supplies. An unrestricted college grant of $500 per year accompanies each scholarship, plus a special allowance to reimburse the institution for providing faculty advisors for recipients.

The colleges are to select the award winners on the basis of merit and need, with no limitations as to sex and vocational intent. Forty of the scholarships each year will go to women's colleges, a noteworthy stipulation and one which may well set a pattern for other donors. There is no restriction in the latitude of choice of field of study, only in the choice of college. Procter and Gamble's aid to education, including scholarships, fellowships, and contributions to special educational funds will total more than $650,000 per year.

The Lehigh Portland Cement Company corporate giving program constitutes a much different departure. The company has set up an endowment fund at Princeton University, in addition to a scholarship fund previously donated, to make up the difference between what the University receives in tuition and what it spends on student education. Tuition at Princeton covers about one-half the actual cost.

With the number of donors now running into the thousands, there are, of course, scores of excellent programs. (See chart on pages 8 and 9 for a few.) Other programs have been announced in recent months by Armstrong Cork Company, Walter Kidde and Co., Westinghouse Electric, Inland Steel, Socony-Mobil Oil Company, Scott Paper Co., Time, Inc., and Union Carbide. Some of these are revisions of existing programs. Other big-name do-

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nors over a period of time include such companies as Sears Roebuck, International Harvester, Armco Steel, Standard Oil of Indiana, American Can, and United Aircraft. The Ford Foundation's recent gift of $50,000,000 to help raise salaries in private colleges and universities, though not technically a corporate plan, is one of the most far-reaching non-government grants ever made to higher education. The Carnegie Corporation also has demonstrated, consistently and tangibly, its interest in higher education.

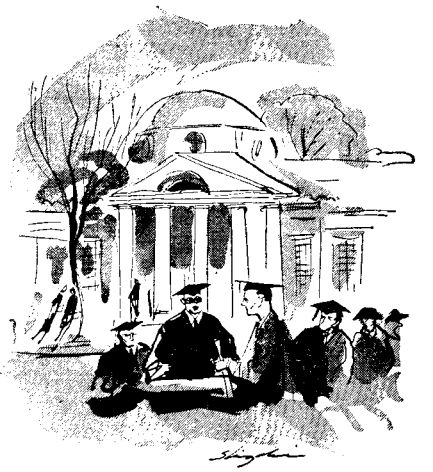
AN ANALYSIS of the recently instituted or revised plans reveals distinct trends in full accord with the expressed desires of college authorities. A listing of the provisions might well serve to guide corporations planning to embark upon aid programs:

1. Scholarship recipients are chosen on the basis of need and competition, with the awards recognizing both merit and need for funds.
2. Scholarship programs make provision for college help as well as student help; a tuition scholarship without a "cost of education" supplement is often a financial handicap to the college.
3. Scholarships allow wide latitude in choice of college, field of study, and eligibility of individuals to compete for the awards.
4. Scholarship plans permit selection of recipients by a competent, impartial body.
5. Scholarships provide assistance as merited and needed until the college course is completed or degree achieved.
6. Fellowships are supplemented by unrestricted grants to the colleges and give the colleges freedom of choice of recipients and administration.
7. Research grants are supplemented by contributions to the colleges and carry no restrictions on publishing the results of investigations.
8. Companies favor plans which relieve them of the burden of selecting participants, and quite a number lean toward being relieved of the burden of selecting recipient institutions.
9. The unrestricted grant, probably the greatest aid to colleges and universities, is becoming more popular. Grants earmarked only "for current operations" are also becoming more popular.
10. Programs of aid are designed primarily to meet the colleges' need for unrestricted funds and the need for financial aid to young people. The donor refrains from entering into purely educational decisions, from invading the customary provinces of colleges and universities, and from interfering with their search for and dissemination of truth.
11. In the interest of orderly determination of grants and to provide continuity and security to the aid programs, companies establish contribution committees.
12. Company foundations or funds are established as convenient and efficient administrative mechanisms.

Besides the educational institutions themselves, other organizations are rendering invaluable service in helping corporations funnel dollars where the need is greatest. Educational Testing Service, a non-profit organization of Princeton, New Jersey, gives expert counsel to those wishing to institute programs. This organization administers national testing programs, making it possible and feasible to include in a single scholarship competition candidates dispersed as widely as any corporation's plants or activities. Educational Testing Service relieves the donors of much of the burden of administration of some ninety sponsored scholarship programs—administering tests, reviewing high school grades and activities, and collecting judgments of high school faculty members on the potential adaptability of the candidate in a college situation. The College Entrance Examination Board, in order to further the economical distribution of scholarship funds, has organized the College Scholarship Service, also operated by the Educational Testing Service. The College Scholarship Service provides a means of exchange of information.

The Council for Financial Aid to Education also gives advice to corporations seeking to determine how best they may carry what they consider to be their fair share of the costs of higher education. Council President Wilson Compton has enthusiastically promoted wide diversity in the ways of corporate support. These are summarized in the Council's most recent publication, "Aids to Corporate Support of Higher Education." Some of those persons closest to the problems of raising scholarship funds have encouraged interest in a National Scholarship Plan (or agency) in which corporations all over the country can participate, saving the administration expense and headaches of an individually-operated plan. Such a plan, its supporters say, could eliminate administrative waste of scholarship funds and enable small companies to contribute which, independent, could not administer an effective scholarship program.

In addition to other devices to guide and facilitate corporate giving, some



individual corporations have chosen to add to their staffs professional educators to administer gift plans. Also, some public relations counseling firms offer the services of experienced educational administrators to help channel gifts so that they will be most useful in education, with a minimum of administrative cost and with a maximum of good will accruing to the donor.

Higher education for everyone in either public or privately-supported institutions is subsidized since tuition fees pay only a portion of the college operating costs. An ever-greater subsidy is needed. Many of the nation's ablest young men and women do not have an opportunity for an education commensurate with their abilities. At the same time, the proportion of youth attending college is increasing. We are tending to dig further down into the distribution of abilities. This raises the probable rate of failure and, as the 1954 Carnegie Annual Report points out, adds a speculative element to the investment. The question as to how far down to the scale of abilities we are willing to go in college admissions is being increasingly raised. The argument is that when the problem of education finance is so critical, we cannot afford to gamble on youngsters whose probability of success is low while outstanding young men and women go uneducated. To date, it would appear that most corporate donors and most educators agree that we should not upset our tradition of educational opportunity for all. Americans have shied away from artificial and arbitrary regulations.

Of the many plans to render financial aid to the nation's 1200 private colleges and universities, most accomplish commendable ends. Certainly, hope lies in the fact that so many American corporations have joined the crusade—and joined it with an intelligent respect for academic freedom and the ability of educators to run their own show.

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Feminine Fare

Continued from page 12

the best, the Brents alias the McCabes having got their book written and now, presumably, looking forward to their royalties.

"Under One Roof," by Emma Wilson (Wilfred Funk, $3.50), is the golden memory of the adventures and misadventures of Miss Wilson's family back about 1900 and back around the western part of Kentucky, where the only visitors were visiting tobacco buyers and they never stayed very long. Miss Wilson's favorite character-in-retrospect is her Grandma, an old lady who suffered from two complaints, "My Neuralgia" and "My Nuvs," and managed to make the family cater to her every wish when one of these maladies put her into her "Weak Spells," Along with Grandma, Miss Wilson manages to remember a good deal about her brother, a young fellow who took off from the top of the buggy house in a homemade airplane and made it as far as the back porch.

In **"The House on Nauset Marsh,"** (Norton, $3.75) the late Dr. Wyman Richardson, a distinguished Boston physician who became infatuated with nature lore on Cape Cod, reminisces about his boyhood of fishing and bird-watching there—a fact which makes all the better reading since the chances are that his modern vacation-readers will neither catch nor see most of the species of fish and fowl he managed to see and describe. But as a partial remedy for that lack Scott Corbett, the author of "We Chose Cape Cod," which was a popular book of a few seasons ago, has written an entertaining history of the same region called **"Cape Cod's Way,"** (Crowell, $3.95)—a book which describes the history and the sights of the Cape, from Barnstable to Provincetown. And just in case you get through all these books before summer is over David McKay Co., is bringing out early in August a little volume called **"Future à la Carte,"** by Theresa A. Morse ($3). This is another Get-Away-from-It-All book in which Mrs. Morse and her husband, both prosperous New Yorkers, decided to chuck everything and start up a summer boardinghouse on Martha's Vineyard. Not content to tell only of the trials and tribulations which resulted from this move, Mrs. Morse has also included a section called Food Notes in which she lists such Morse specialties as "Louise King's Maple Syrup Prune Pie" and "Lasagna á la Medici a la d'Armanda," both of which you may presumably try if you happen to get around to the Morses' place during your summer reading.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. New England poet, 1807-92, especially influenced by Robert Burns.	112 41 166 132 104 11 67 163
B. English inventor of first machine capable of producing strong cotton thread, 1769.	162 159 79 51 103 48 26 123 60
C. Title by marriage of sister of Sir Philip Sidney, 1577.	101 124 87 95 139 94 167 16
D. German bacteriologist for whom the typhoid bacillus was named (1835-1926).	155 58 63 29 122 145
E. Figurative word for copious flow.	40 24 15 88 66
F. Long-nosed relative of the raccoon, living south of the border.	97 32 3 61 77
G. What Central and South Americans call citizens of the U.S.	107 172 25 75 8 153 149
H. Resembling a certain metallic element.	165 22 65 114 57
I. Originator.	142 36 171 10 69 110
J. The birth rate.	52 146 34 102 80 136 72 156
K. Upset; tart; movement into, through, and out of a place.	164 59 17 128 98 30 47 19
L. The path followed by energy.	134 7 53 130 23 4 27
M. Snow White's opposite number in old fairytales.	2 73 144 115 49 31 129
N. Wholesale drowning of many persons at once.	147 108 64 18 154 116
O. "To the last drop"—the Romans' word for it (suggested by Anne Coppinger).	6 158 117 161 135 12 169 78 109 54 28 99
P. Following the wrong path, or none at all (2 wds.).	74 131 106 21 141 127 92 170 119
Q. Loop with a running knot.	151 157 50 125 44
R. Red cap worn by certain Easterners.	45 42 173 140 111 14 152 62
S. Dutch poet, center of Dutch renaissance (1581-1647).	160 105 55 33 89
T. German actor, founder of modern, realistic, German theater (1720-78).	138 84 35 91 121
U. Extent in time, number, or quantity.	82 39 113 148 1 46
V. Duke of Aquitaine who defeated the Arabs at Tours, 732.	71 76 38 126 5
W. Gates of a sluice.	43 86 120 137 96 9
X. How old Ann really was.	20 83 68 133 93 90 100 37
Y. Muscle, tendon, or nerve whose breaking the ancients believed to be the cause of blindness.	85 81 168 118 143 56 150 70 13

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	1 U	2 M	3 F	4 L	5 V	6 O	■	7 L	8 G	9 W	10 I	11 A	12 O	13 Y
■	14 R	15 E	16 C	17 K	■	18 N	■	19 K	20 X	21 P	22 H	23 L	24 E	25 G	26 B	■
27 L	28 O	29 D	30 K	31 M	■	32 F	33 S	■	34 J	35 T	36 I	37 X	38 V	39 U	40 E	■
41 A	42 R	43 W	44 Q	■	45 R	46 U	47 K	48 B	49 M	■	50 Q	51 B	52 J	■	53 L	54 O
55 S	56 Y	57 H	■	58 D	59 K	60 B	■	61 F	62 R	63 D	64 N	■	65 H	66 E	67 A	■
68 X	69 I	70 Y	71 V	■	72 J	73 M	74 P	■	75 G	76 V	77 F	78 O	79 B	80 J	81 Y	■
82 U	83 X	84 T	85 Y	■	86 W	■	87 C	88 E	89 S	90 X	91 T	92 P	■	93 X	94 C	■
95 C	96 W	97 F	98 K	99 O	100 X	■	101 C	102 J	103 B	104 A	■	105 S	106 P	■	107 G	108 N
109 O	110 I	■	111 R	112 A	113 U	■	114 H	115 M	116 N	117 O	■	118 Y	119 P	120 W	121 T	■
122 D	123 B	124 C	■	125 Q	126 V	127 P	128 K	129 M	■	130 L	131 P	■	132 A	133 X	134 L	■
135 O	136 J	137 W	138 T	139 C	—	140 R	141 P	142 I	143 Y	144 M	■	145 D	146 J	147 N	148 U	149 G
■	150 Y	151 Q	152 R	153 G	154 N	155 D	■	156 J	157 Q	158 O	159 B	■	160 S	161 O	162 B	163 A
164 K	■	165 H	166 A	167 C	168 Y	■	169 O	■	170 P	171 I	172 G	173 R	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 27 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

JULY 30, 1955

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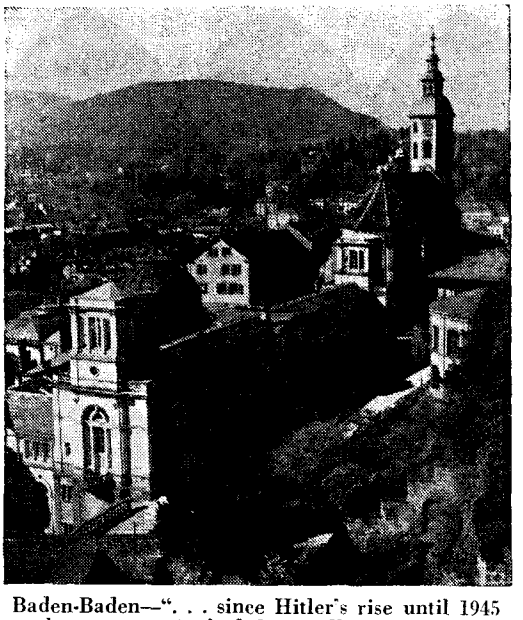

Baden-Baden—". . . since Hitler's rise until 1945 twelve-tone music had been all but silenced."

DARMSTADT, BADEN-BADEN, AND TWELVE-TONE MUSIC

By EVERETT HELM

DARMSTADT, GERMANY.

TWO FESTIVALS of contemporary music took place recently within two weeks and 100 miles of each other. Although both were international in scope, the earlier one (Darmstadt) was more homogeneous in its "advanced" tendency. The fundamental questions and problems of contemporary music which the Darmstadt festival raised in this correspondent's mind found to a certain extent their answer in the Baden-Baden festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music. In this sense the two festivals, in themselves entirely separate and distinct, complement each other

The Darmstadt "Internationale Ferienkurse für neue Musik"—literally translated "International Holiday Courses for New Music"—celebrated its tenth anniversary this June. For those of us who have followed closely the "life and times" of this unique organization there was every outward reason to rejoice and make merry at the week-long birthday party. Starting literally from scratch in 1946, when the ruins of Darmstadt were still smoking, the Holiday Courses have grown constantly in stature and in importance on the European musical scene. After the first five lean years, during which they were several times on the point of demise, they have enjoyed five increasingly salubrious years. Their founder and director, Dr. Wolfgang Steinecke, has succeeded in bringing them through many a storm; in recognition of his merits he was this year awarded the Goethe Medal.

The avowed program and purpose of the Holiday Courses has been from the outset the furtherance of contemporary music, more specifically of contemporary music in its more "advanced" or radical forms. This program developed out of the musical situation of Germany at the end of the war; since Hitler's rise to power until 1945 advanced music, particularly twelve-tone music, had been all but silenced. The few Germans who were able to keep abreast of the times did so by means of contraband scores smuggled into the Reich, and by listening to forbidden broadcasts from enemy countries. To correct this situation the Holiday Courses were founded, and they have more than succeeded. For Kranichstein (so-called because the first Holiday Courses were held in Kranichstein Castle) has become a mecca for the most advanced forms and styles of musical composition, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is today the leading center of this kind in the entire world.

This year's Holiday Courses had the character of a retrospective

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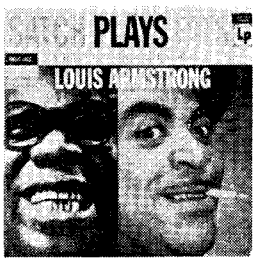

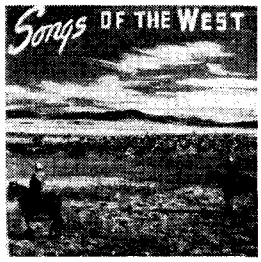

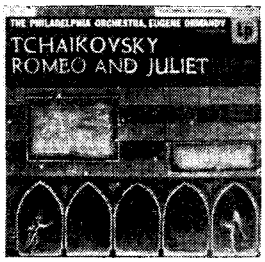

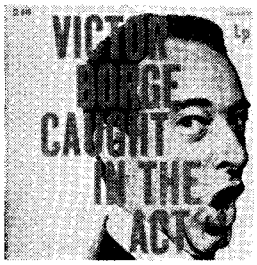

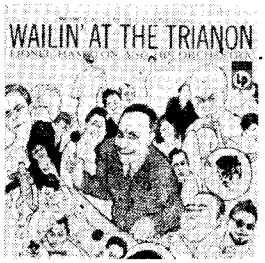

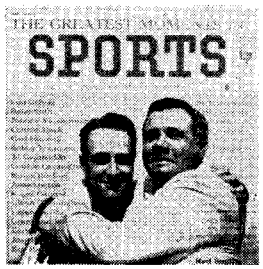

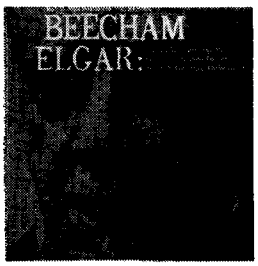

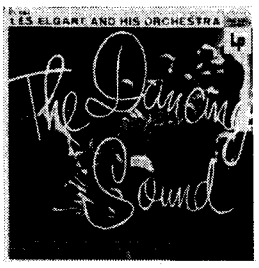

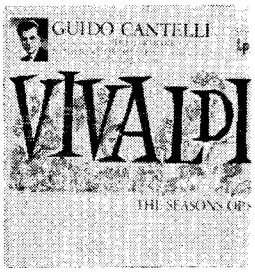

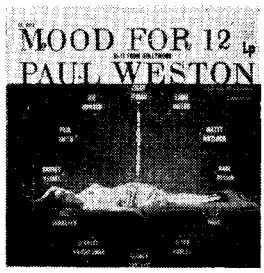

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show. Several young composers who have been more or less "discovered" through Kranichstein were commissioned to write new works, which were given their first performances: Boulez, Engelmann, Fricker, Henze, Klebe, Maderna, Nono, Stockhausen, Togni, and Zimmermann. Krenek was also commissioned to write a new piece. The works of these young composers (all except Krenek are under thirty-five) were heard against a background of Schönberg, Berg, Webern, Seiber, Leibowitz, Milhaud, Stravinsky, Bartok, Heiss, Hindemith, and a few others. Prof. Theodor Adorno gave a brilliant series of lectures on "The Young Schönberg," while Rudolf Kolisch devoted three lectures to Schönberg's "Ode to Napoleon."

Music of twelve-tone composers constitutes the bulk of this program. This is perhaps as it should be, for such music is seldom heard on "normal" concert or festival programs. And seldom if ever does one have such an opportunity to compare the latter-day developments and ramifications of twelve-tone technique with the original point of departure—namely the works of Schönberg himself. Schönberg - Berg - Webern - Krenek - Leibowitz - Maderna - Stockhausen: such is the graduated scale of twelve-tone practice in its chronological order (*i.e.* ordered according to the ages of the composers represented). It is a long road they have traveled, and it is difficult to determine where it leads. To say that Schönberg has become a classic is to speak a truism. He has become a classic to the extent that his influence on the music of our time has become inescapable. Every younger composer must reckon with the twelve-tone or serial system of writing music; he must consider it seriously, even though he may after such consideration reject it for his own personal use.

Listening to Schönberg's music in the context of Kranichstein it was more than ever clear that his roots lie deep in the Romantic period. In his lectures on "The Young Schönberg," Prof. Adorno dealt extensively with this point, illustrating at the piano with passages from the early songs (Opus 1 and 2) the direct relation of Schönberg to Wagner on the one hand and Brahms on the other. Adorno showed that much of the tension in Schönberg's music results from this polarity and from his efforts to combine the essentially classical procedures of Brahms with the Romantic outlook of Wagner. He pointed out as well that the germs of Schönberg's later style are already present in the early works—even in such as "Verklärte Nacht" and the "Gurrelieder"—and that the gradual development of

—*From* Musical America.

Anton Webern—"the end or beginning?"

Schönberg's style from post-Romanticism to twelve-tone practice was a logical and in a sense deliberately painful process. All the works of Schönberg heard during the Holiday Courses date from Schönberg's later period, when he had worked out and established the system of composition in twelve tones: the Suite for Piano, opus 25; the Variations for Orchestra, opus 31, and the "Ode to Napoleon," opus 41a. Even in these late works Schönberg is clearly an "expressionist" composer whose relation to the past and to the tradition is patent. Particularly is this true of the "Ode to Napoleon" (1943), in which Schönberg seems to return somewhat to the style and procedures of his early works.

For the younger composers the point of departure is not Schönberg but Webern, whose style is indeed far removed from the Romantic tradition. The seeds of Webern's *pointilliste* procedures, in which the melodic substance is fragmented or "atomized," in which the rhythmic structure is of a particular finesse and in which the element of silence (rests) is exploited, can be found in Schönberg, to be sure. But in Webern the connection with the past, always more or less discernible in Schönberg, becomes extremely tenuous. In the more impersonal atmosphere of Webern's music one feels indeed that something quite new has come into being. And exactly at this point certain grave doubts arise. Webern's music, however impersonal the *atmosphere* it creates, is extremely personal, unlike anything else except that of his imitators. And the imitators never succeed in producing even a reasonable facsimile of the genuine article. The question that prompts *this* author's grave doubts is: was Webern the end or the beginning of a development? Is it desirable or possible to attempt to continue this tremendously sensitive style, the creation of a musician of enormous talent? Can the elements and processes of Webern's style be isolated from the genius of the man himself? Are the young composers who are today "following in his footsteps" going down a dead-end street?

The young composers themselves, needless to say, are entirely convinced that they are not. In various ways and in the best of faith, however, many of the older musicians—composers, critics, and performers—have raised their voices in protest and warning, even in Kranichstein. The danger of confusing the word with the spirit (in other terms the technique with creative invention) has been pointed out publicly and privately. One apostle of "advanced" music, a performer whose international reputation rests to a large extent on his interpretations of Schönberg, Berg, Bartok, and the like, went so far as to suggest that Kranichstein should be for all time abandoned, asserting that the influence of this "cult" on young composers leads them down the primrose path to complete sterility and that the localized glorification of this essentially esoteric kind of music gives them an entirely false perspective.

FOR it is scarcely possible to judge or discuss the most "advanced" music in conventional music terms; indeed it is hardly possible to judge it at all, for it breaks so completely with the past that neither the vocabulary nor the concepts are clearly enough defined or disseminated to make discussion possible—except in the very small circle of the "initiated." And the sounds it produces are as foreign to even the ear trained in contemporary music as is the music of ancient China. The complete absence of "melody" in the traditional sense (including the Schönbergian) in favor of a *pointillist* fragmentation or "atomization" of the melodic line—*i.e.* of the series or twelve-tone row—is one of the most striking features, and one which stems directly from Webern, although the seeds are to be found in certain works of Schönberg. The rhythmic procedures undergo a similar atomization. In the more "advanced" works (Boulez, Stockhausen, Maderna, Nono) practically every trace of regular meter has disappeared. The gusts and spurts of sound are generally separated by silences of greater or shorter duration. The rhythmic structure is—on paper—extremely complicated (such procedures as tying the last sixty-fourth note in

(*Continued on page* 46)

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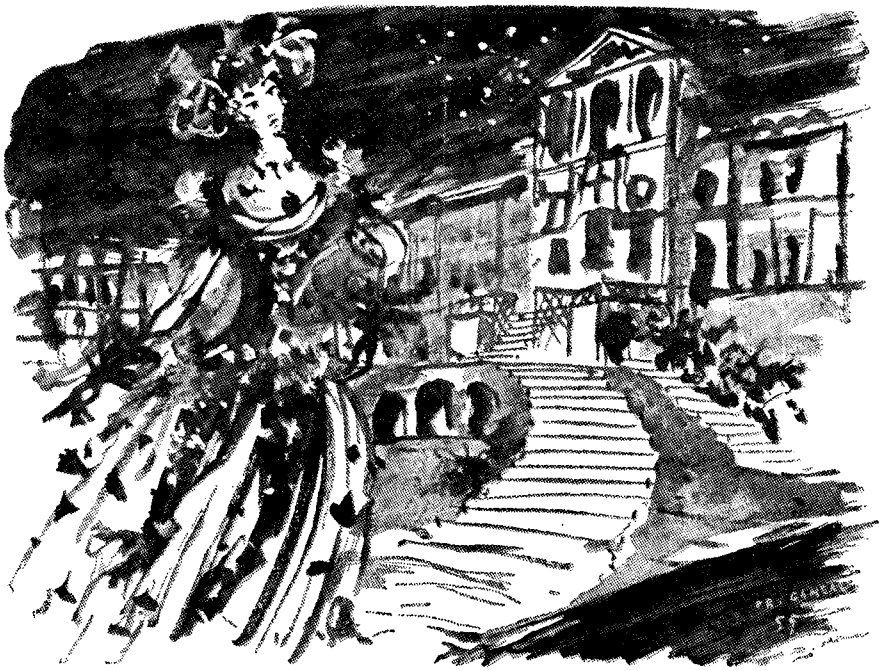

"The soul of Berlioz is satisfied."

Berlioz in Paris

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THE STARS shone in the Paris sky. The moon was there, and the cool air promised to become a little chilly. The audience assembled in the great quadrangle of the Cour Carrée of the Louvre grew audibly impatient as the scheduled hour for the performance came and went. At last a man appeared on the stage above the orchestra to announce that because of the *"douceur de la nuit"* it had been decided to wait for complete darkness before beginning: then the audience might enjoy the spectacle at its best. This explanation was received with applause, and we settled back again to face the west interior facade of the Old Louvre. There, behind the orchestra and the wide stage, the curving double staircase grandly swept up to the chief entrance beneath the central tower, from which bright banners hung, moving occasionally in the freshening breeze. Thousands of us had come to see what the Comité Officiel des Fêtes de Paris and the Marquis George de Cuevas had made of Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette." What they had made of it proved to be an opera-ballet of unparalleled pomp, theatrical effectiveness, and visual magnificence.

The forces involved in this integral presentation of the wonderful Berlioz score were the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, the Choruses and Orchestra of the Concerts Colonne, Michel Roux (bass, as Friar Laurence), Pamela Bowden (contralto, as Nurse to Juliet), and Gérard Friedmann (tenor, solo in the Queen Mab scene). The danced parts of Romeo and Juliet were taken by George Skibine and Marjorie Tallchief; those of the spirits of the lovers by George Zoritch and Yvonne Meyer; that of Queen Mab by Genia Melikova; and that of the chief entertainer at the "Grande Fête chez les Capulets" by Serge Golovine.

The program reminded us that Berlioz himself, writing in 1859, said that "Roméo et Juliette" was neither an opera in concert form nor a cantata. He had explained that if the celebrated scenes in the garden and the cemetery, the lovers' dialogues, the soliloquies of Juliet, and Romeo's impassioned monologues were not set for singing, and if the dialogues of love and despair had been confided to the orchestra alone, he had had his reasons. "Dialogues of this sort having been treated vocally a thousand times by the greatest masters, it was both prudent and fascinating to attempt another mode of expression," he wrote.

"Prélude—Combat—Tumulte," and beneath that starry Paris sky male Capulets and Montagues swept up and down the curving steps in swordplay. The mood was set at once by the piercingly lyric presence and movements of Skibine as Romeo. The fatal stabbing of Tybalt announced tragedy. In the musically superb "Tristesse de Roméo," Skibine again excelled. Marjorie Tallchief briefly emerged, a childlike Juliet, high up before the palace doors; and Pamela Bowden as the Nurse sang "Premiers transports" almost as movingly as Gladys Swarthout sang them under Toscanini some years ago. With a burst of lights in the palace itself the "Grande Fête chez les Capulet" surged up, the staircases and garden-stage blazing with color and swirling with panoply. Golovine danced a striking *grande variation*, which led into a farandole by the servants. The masked Romeo confronted Juliet, was recognized by her protectors, and fled. Juliet was formally affianced to young Paris.

On the vast stage of stairs and garden Tallchief and Skibine beautifully danced the "Scène d'amour." Friar Laurence married them. When Juliet, having taken the sleeping potion, lay motionless, George Zoritch and Yvonne Meyer, costumed like the lovers, moved into the Queen Mab scene. Here the story became vague and the costuming fell out of tone—showing perhaps the influence of the Folies-Bergère (which I had also noted at the Opéra in "Les Indes galantes"). Luckily, this was the special moment for Martinon, the tenor, the orchestra, and the excellent choruses. Not even the vagaries of the loudspeakers could dampen the wonders of Berlioz's music.

After a blackout, the "Cortège funèbre" came forth, an ecclesiastical and mourning procession of magnificent solemnity. On a bier, Juliet's fragile body was born down one curve of the double stairs and placed downstage center. When she had been left alone, only the edges of her white dress moved in the breeze. Here the fact that the floor of the stage was a dozen feet above the audience eye-level—a detriment to the fine points of dancing—added to the moving solemnity. Skibine's realization of Romeo's despair and suicide was that of a truly great dancer. The double death was followed by a remarkable moment when Michel Roux as Friar Laurence stood high on the end of the bier (on which Juliet, and beside which Romeo, lay sprawled), singing while the Montagues and Capulets and their entire entourages clustered round. The magic of Berlioz and of fine singing and expert spectacular staging were woven together. And at the end the audience gave enthusiastically the tribute of prolonged applause. Then as the lights went out the Cour Carrée was slowly emptied. If the soul of Hector Berlioz still haunts the city he loved and fought, it must have been well satisfied.

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Concerning Audiophilia

By JENNIS A. NUNLEY

THE WORD *audiophilia,* being too new a coinage, is not to be found in even the latest dictionaries. Its meaning, however, can be inferred by examining the meanings of its constituent parts, *audio* and *philia*; thus, audio: ". . . pertaining . . . to normally audible sound . . ."; philia: "A morbid craving or appetite for . . ."[1]

To further clarify, an audiophile, one necessarily suffering from audiophilia, is a follower of the cult of *high fidelity*. "Fidelity is a measure of the faithfulness of reproduction, and the term high-fidelity necessarily refers to a high degree thereof." We are talking about the practice of recording (by various means, *i.e.*, engraved discs, magnetized tape, etc.) sound (of various types, *i.e.*, railroad trains, splashing waves, music, but mostly the latter), and reproducing these recorded sounds by some system. This reproduction should be indistinguishable from the original, an ideal which constitutes the aim of all audiophiles and one which has been approached but never achieved.[2]

At first glance, it would seem that high fidelity is a technical matter, no more emotional or evocative of esthetic sentiments than plumbing. High fidelity has, however, taken an almost supernatural hold on a slice of the world's population and has created technicians who think they are artists, artists who think they are technicians, shams, charlatans; it has broken families and led men to ridiculous extremes in their search for perfect sound. High fidelity has, in short, produced a crop of mental aberrants. We will cursorily examine some of these.

Pick up a textbook on any technical subject. It will be straightforward to the point of dulness. Not so with high fidelity. John H. Newitt writes a weighty tome entitled "High Fidelity Techniques"; in no fewer than three places in his preface he refers to his field of endeavor as an "art" (apparently opposing this to trades or professions).[3] This idea is carried to an extreme by G. A. Briggs, a noted sound engineer whose book, "Sound Reproduction," is fairly standard reference material among those who have to do with audio matters. Briggs's photograph appears on the flyleaf of his book, about which he makes this comment: "My younger daughter insists that my photograph should not be expunged, so it still appears, but as this self-same daughter takes an impish delight in referring to her father as 'the famous writer on acoustics of whom few people have ever heard' the reader will appreciate that it is not a case of filial adulation."[4]

The type of the lofty technician is personified in Briggs. He heads many of his chapters with quotations from various poets. For example, at the beginning of his first chapter, which deals with such earthy things as square waves, non-linearity, and stereophonic reproduction, Briggs gives us these lines from Milton:

> Others apart sat on a hill retir'd
> In thoughts more elevate.[5]

Briggs, never fully conceding that he is a mundane creature of science, frequently gambols in semi-humorous capers, justified in his preface thus: "Just a word on the question of humor or light relief, which could quite easily be overdone in technical and semi-technical writing. All would agree with Pope on the desirability of retaining

> One simile that solitary shines
> In a dry desert of a thousand
> lines"[6]

To show what Briggs's idea of the ". . . simile that solitary shines" consists of, we quote this example. In a section of questions and answers we find a man from New York who has written to Briggs complaining about the performance of a speaker cabinet. "Upon securing the back to the cabinet everything went bad . . . the body was missing (from the sound). Removing the back remedied the defect. Should I leave well enough alone?" Briggs replies: ". . . you obtain very useful reflection from the wall . . . use the system which sounds best. . . . In any case, as the body has disappeared, there would not be much point in screwing down the lid of the coffin."[7]

This tendency, we find, also creeps into the home life of the sound (or unsound) technician. We have a Mr. Joseph Marshall, who designs amplifiers with an astonishing fervor broaching upon the religious. His articles describing the amplifiers he has designed are brilliant, technical, and enthusiastic, and one who reads them receives the impression that all is well with Marshall. Then, at the end of an article describing his most ingenious and most complicated amplifier, one is completely unnerved to find this statement: "No doubt time will provide circuit and components improvements which offer hope of further perfection; but for the moment, the Golden-Ear Complex is satisfied more completely than ever before, and there is hope that this satisfaction will last long enough to channel brains and energy into other, less well-realized channels—including those of making an adequate living."[8] This is something like seeing the top of an iceberg. Below the surface we picture a family of starving, ragged children crying for milk while father fiddles with electronic tubes and resistors in the basement.

SO FAR we have talked only about professional audio men. An equally pathetic group are the amateurs, who pursue the elusive, lovely sounds of high fidelity as an exhausting, expensive hobby. We find, for one thing, that the home life of the amateur audiophile is none too pleasant. We are indebted to the same Joseph Marshall of the previous paragraph:

> Now it came to pass that Homo Sap was bitten by the high-fidelity bug. Not having the funds to purchase a commercial amplifier . . . he decided to build his own. After heroic labors with drill, reamers, files, hacksaw, and even a hammer and chisel—aided and expedited by Elizabethan oaths—he managed to cut out a number of holes in a blank chassis. . . . The chassis was no longer a thing of beauty. He had made a couple of miscalculations in layout and the amplifier boasted several gaping holes which contribute nothing but ventilation. This didn't bother him. It was what came out of the amplifier that interested him. When at last he tried it out he was *in raptures.*
>
> "Most beautiful music this side of heaven," he said.
>
> "Maybe," milady of the house-

[1] "Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary" (Springfield, Mass., 1953) p. 58 and p. 632.
[2] Newitt, John H., "High Fidelity Techniques" (New York, 1953) pp. 2-3.
[3] Ibid., pp. v-viii.
[4] Briggs, G. A., "Sound Reproduction" (Yorks, England, 1953) p. 8.
[5] Ibid., p. 11.
[6] Ibid., p. 8.
[7] Ibid., p. 155.
[8] Marshall, Joseph, "The New Golden Ear Amplifier, *Audio Engineering,* January 1954, p. 48.

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hold said, looking sourly at the pride and joy as it stood on an open bookshelf, "but it's the ugliest thing this side of hell. Get it out of sight."

. . . coming home from his breadwinning pursuits one day, Joe was amazed to find the helpmate facing him with a crudely bandaged hand and sparks in her eyes.

"Listen," she ultimated; "Get that damned amplifier of yours out of sight and out of reach."

"But sweet," Joe protested. "What's the trouble? You know we can't afford any fancy cabinet for it."

"We can't afford any divorces either," Milady replied; "and that's what we're going to get if you don't get that thing out of sight. It attracts dust like a platinum blonde attracts husbands. I burned my hand on one of the tubes trying to get it dusted clean. So either it goes out of sight or I go to my lawyer."[9]

The irate wife is not the only hazard that the amateur audiophile must face. As intimated above, devotion to the field plus pecuniary limitations sometimes lead the amateur to attempt construction of a complicated amplifier, where previously he would not have tried to replace the plug on a table lamp. A pair of experts who have brashly put forth to the amateurs the scheme of constructing such an amplifier, have these words to offer:

> Making an amplifier by hand is like building a boat in the basement. It's cheaper and easier to buy a manufactured boat. Some people do it just for the fun of it, others get all involved, sell the house and move, leaving the remains behind for the new owner to dismantle and burn in the fireplace. . . . [After completing the amplifier] stand well back and firmly brace yourself in the corner of the room before turning the power switch on. Remember, there are 500 volts loose and rattling inside that chassis. No one, particularly not this magazine, will be responsible for damages incurred or loss of life. (Amen—Ed.)[10]

But 500 volts, or a thousand, or wild horses, are not enough to deter the amateur audiophile from pursuit of the beautiful sound. *Philia:* "A morbid appetite or craving for . . . [11]

And now, to make an end of this investigation, I present two extreme but valid examples of *audiophile* behavior. The reasons for this behavior, I will leave to the imagination of the reader.

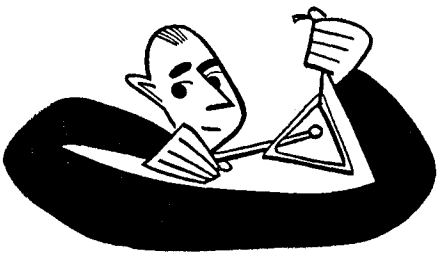
The first example relates to a man who wanted to appear to be something which he was not: a record expert. The means to which he resorted, in order to create this effect, are mildly characteristic of the schizoid.

> Among the two dozen classic examples of how to give records for Christmas. . . . The case concerns Ballard Bestoon H—, who lorded it all over the other audiophiles in the town of A—, Michigan, only to be taken down several pegs by the seasoned Record Connoisseur, Wilfred G. Crane, now a successful oil man and since removed to Tulsa, Oklahoma. However, at the time, Crane was only a ten-watt amplifier bank clerk.
>
> By virtue of an immoderate income as a grain-operator, H— could afford a house completely wired for sound, sporting the best and most expensive sorts of equipment. At his weekly "musicales" as he liked to call them, he would demonstrate to a small coterie of admiring friends a stunning range of sonic effects.
>
> At Christmas time, Crane gave H— a gift-wrapped package which upon opening was found to contain a single 78-rpm record protectively swathed in tissue paper and corrugated cardboard. "It's something I want you to have, specially," Crane announced with the excited air of a spaniel flushing its first covey.
>
> "It's Dajos Bela and Salon Orchestra," he said, reading the label upside down. "Been looking for it for years. The way he plays these Hungarian Dances is beyond comparison. Finally found it on my last trip to Chicago. Some allowances you may have to make, but for 1933 don't you think the sound is spacious and resonant, eh?" Of course, Crane actually found the disc in a pile left in the attic of his mother's boarding house, and had then rubbed dust and grit into the grooves in the manner of a furniture dealer "antiquing" or liming oak.[12]

If there is anything an audiophile desires more than to pose as an expert, it is to have his music reproducing system admired. Should there be a flaw (as in the following sad instance), he will go far to shield his beloved unit. His mind goes tripping back and, as if confronted by a schoolteacher demanding reasons for tardiness, he makes up little stories.

> When the first sustained chords of the Telefunken (or other suitable recording) come through your speaker and the wows of your turntable become apparent to even the most untrained ear, you merely smile indulgently. You also shake your head from side to side a few times while muttering gently, "There goes 'Old Hans' again."
>
> After a few repetitions of this mysterious business, while your rig creaks away, a noticeable uneasiness will come over your guest. You repeat your "Old Hans" line once more.
>
> Dialogue thereafter usually takes this form:
>
> Layman: (Over the music) "I beg your pardon?"
>
> Hi-Fi-man: (Over the music) "I said . . . there goes 'Old Hans' again."
>
> Layman: "I don't understand. Who's 'Old Hans'?"
>
> Hi-Fi-man: "Eh? Sorry . . . I forgot. You've never climbed the Bavarian Alps, have you? Ah! The sight of the windswept *couloir* . . . the crunch of the *champons* in the snow . . ."
>
> Layman: (An edge in his voice) "No, I've never been there. What about 'Old Hans'?"
>
> Hi-Fi-man: "I'm coming to him. Well, this particular recording you're listening to now was made in a little church—the Josef Kirche—near Schmetterling-am-Main. Dates back to the early part of the sixteenth century. Believe it or not, they still have the original church organ. The air pressure comes from a hand pump, naturally . . ."
>
> Layman: (Getting exasperated) "But what about . . ."
>
> Hi-Fi-man: "'Old Hans'? We all called him 'Old Hans.' Now there's a real character for you! He must be ninety if he's a day." (Dramatic pause at this point as Layman glares. You then drop the bomb.) "'Old Hans' pumps the handle on the organ, you see. Of course, his arm is getting a little tired these days—rheumatism, you know—and you get those fascinating tonal variations in the longer chords." (Chuckle) "You know, they sound just like turntable wows, don't you think?"[13]

And so on. I give to psychiatry that useful word: *Audiophilia.*



[9] Marshall, Joseph, "Milady's Golden Ear Amplifier," *Radio Electronics,* April 1954, p. 50.

[10] Cook, Emory and Jose, Gus, "The Ultimate Amplifier," *High Fidelity,* December 1954, p. 107.

[11] "Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary," p. 632.

[12] Grunfeld, Frederic, "The Sinister Art of Discal Giving," *High Fidelity,* December 1954, p. 43.

[13] Sinclair, Charles, "The Theory and Practice of Hi-Fi-manship," *Audio,* May 1954, pp 46-47.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Late Call on Billy

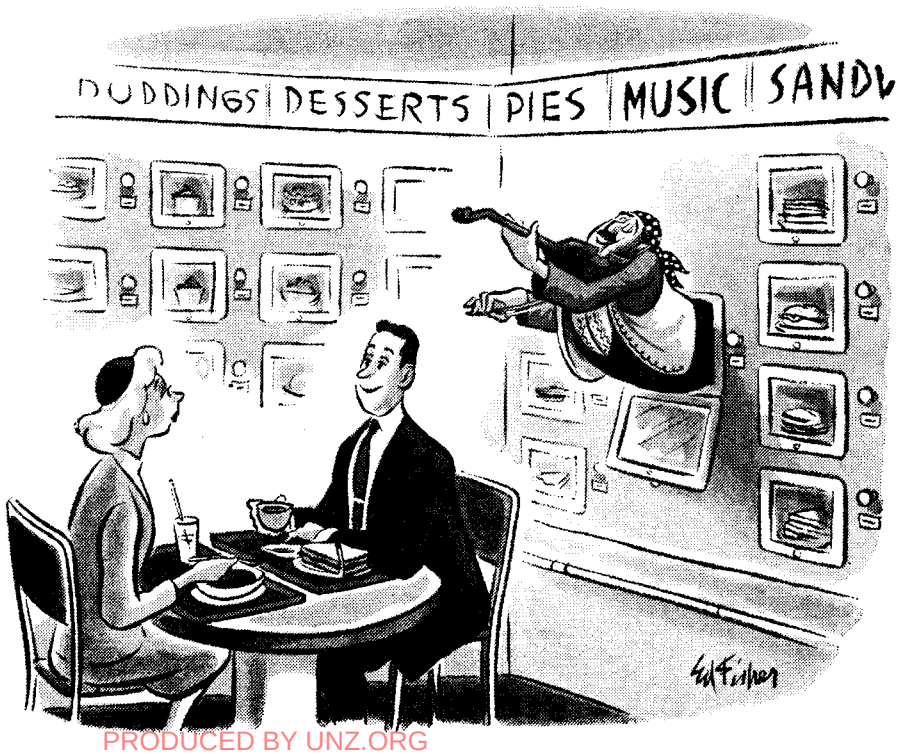
THIS department herewith tries to make amends for its previous neglect of Billy Taylor. He is in the great jazz piano tradition of Teddy Wilson (stemming originally out of Earl Hines)—strength through grace and economy, and both these terms apply not only to his improvisatory feeling, but also to his style as a composer. In "A Touch of Taylor" (Prestige LP-7001) he writes all but one of the twelve tunes, and they are lovely items with a great deal of refined right-hand figuration, a gift for modulatory melody, a delightful length of line. There is a point where the rhythmic vigors of jazz, pretty much a visceral, instinctive business, join perfectly with a highly self-conscious, fastidious musical sensibility, and if that point is not to be heard in the piano work of Wilson and Billy Taylor I don't know where to look for it. Taylor, incidentally, completely blends the modern jazz vocabulary with the traditional jazz spirit.

There is some fine modern small-band playing, often with a jump-rhythm accent, from the drummer Osie Johnson and his associates (Period SPL-1108), special mention going to Thad Jones, who is surely one of the most fluently incisive of modern jazz trumpeters. We have recently had many horn men screaming or crooning, but this is playing in the direct trumpet line—the instrument used for its own brilliant built-in qualities—and Jones can be heard again as the featured soloist with the splendid Charles Mingus, bass, and Max Roach, drums (Debut DLP-17). Jones uses the mute to fine effect, and the poised performance of Cole Porter's "Get Out of Town" is a lulu.

The modern California groups are represented this month by two fat LPs full of brisk, and sometimes bland, talent, many moments of pleasure and also many moments when I feel that a great deal of ability is being exercised without much real ardor. The players are almost all notable experts. Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars, for example, include Bud Shank, alto saxophone; Bob Cooper, tenor saxophone; and Conte Candoli, trumpet (Contemporary C3504). Lennie Niehaus's Octet has, among others, Stu Williamson, trumpet; Bob Enevoldsen, valve trombone; and Shelly Manne, drums (Contemporary C3503). These gentlemen revive some excellent old numbers: Rumsey's band give us "East of the Sun," "Long Ago and Far Away," and "Isn't It Romantic?"; Niehaus's combination offer "Blue Room," "Rose Room," and "Nice Work if You Can Get It." There are twenty-one titles in all on the two LPs. But the music, for my taste, is too sleekly packaged, the boys sound too glibly accomplished; there is a general effect of rattling it off. And I will enter the further demurrer that there is, after all, a specific mood in which a tune is conceived, and the melody is not likely to profit from a violently different approach. "Long Ago and Far Away," as the title itself suggests, should be a lingering, nostalgic air.

The ultramodern jazz wing, or syncopating Schoenbergians, have another polytonal and twelve-tone disc which is fascinating. I find it necessary to live with these subtle constrictions for weeks before I know whether they will cling to me, or vice versa, but I should think that any elastic, eager ear would be absorbed by "Explorations" (Debut DLP-6) with the highly trained musical cast of Teo Macero, saxophones; Lanny Di Jay, accordion; Charles Mingus, bass; Lou Labella, bass; and Ed Shaughnessy, drums. Most of this playing has what this department regards as the *sine qua non* of any kind of jazz—a buoyant pulsation ("swing") on common time—whereas some of it does not, and is therefore not classifiable as jazz (call it simply chamber music). Macero and his colleagues are just about the most intrepid jazz adventurers active today.

A VIOLENT shift of gears brings us to the first volume of Fred Ramsey, Jr.'s new project, accomplished on a Guggenheim Fellowship, which he discussed in RECORDINGS's lead article last month. "Music from the South," to judge from samples I have heard, will be one of the most remarkable documents in American musical scholarship—a document possible only on the phonograph disc, for the playing and singing of the back-country American Negro defies notation. Motoring into western Alabama without prior arrangements, Ramsey began by talking with field workers about the possibility of finding traditional music. He found it, and offers his first sample in "Country Brass Bands" (Folkways FP-650). The project includes some of the most galvanic religious music ever recorded, and will doubtless be reviewed at length in these pages when the publishing is completed toward the end of the year. As for the country bands, and especially the Laneville-Johnson Union Brass Band, it must suffice to say here that they offer a strident music, loose as to pitch, crude as to attack, outrageous as to balance, which has a searing, naturally poetic quality that reminds one—and it is a sorry thing to have to be reminded—that the vibrations of air which make music, and make the heart shake, belong to mankind and not to the conservatories. —WILDER HOBSON.



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Recordings in Review

Master of the H's

HANDEL: *Concerti Grossi, opus 6. Hermann Scherchen conducting the English Baroque Orchestra.* Westminster WAL-403, $23.80. *Boyd Neel and his orchestra.* London LLA 21, $11.94.

OPINIONS MAY differ on the prowess of Hermann Scherchen as a conductor of Beethoven or Berlioz, Liszt or Tchaikovsky, but in these instrumental works of Handel as well as in those of Haydn in which he made his American reputation he is far in front with no close competition. We have been offered complete editions of these superb works previously by Boyd Neel (the collection above is an arrangement on three LPs of performances formerly offered on ten-inch London LPs), Adolf Busch, and Fritz Lehmann, but none has penetrated close to the essence of the matter so convincingly as Scherchen and his splendid ensemble.

What is specially satisfying is his ability to impart an individual character to virtually all of the movements, even though the amount of guidance provided in the composer's text is meagre indeed. To be sure, what Scherchen considers *tempo giusto* in concerto No. 1 is not just what Neel agrees is the "just tempo," but every work has a total momentum in which each section has a predetermined place.

On the whole, Scherchen does some of his best divination in the treatment of slow movements—the andante of No. 3, the largo of No. 4 (with its chromatic climb beautifully developed), and the andante of No. 7, with its sparkling rhythm. His treatment of the allegro in No. 5 has a Beechamesque lilt and crispness, the musette of No. 6 given with a finely subtle interplay of suspensions and passing tones. The faster movements, with their contrapuntal designs, are almost uniformly transparent and in a real linear tradition, so that the clean detail of the writing comes to the ear whether one is following a score or not.

If one is following a score, some questions posed by it are not always answered by Scherchen's practice. He is not averse to introducing a trill, an ornament, even a group of bridge notes between sections of a movement of two different movements, if it strikes him as appropriate. He is also inclined to an occasional allargando (slowing of the tempo) at the end of a fast movement, and in more than one place, Neel reads the intent of Handel —to my taste—more perceptively than Scherchen. (This is the little codetta at the end of the allegro in No. 5, of which Neel makes a caper, Scherchen an exclamation point).

Needless to say, these are not merely debatable but unresolvable differences. After all, when the composer conceived these works the improvisatory practices were so well understood that it was considered unnecessary to write out the minutiae. What Scherchen has succeeded in doing is to give wonderfully animated purpose to these patterns, the while keeping the underlying flow of thought consistent from first to last. The engineering team, incidentally, is as much a player in these performances as any member of the English Baroque Ensemble.

It may be noted on Neel's behalf that London has "re-mastered" (as the expression goes) the performances originally issued on ten-inch LPs, somewhat livening the sound thereby. Also, by getting four concerti onto each disk, the twelve are contained on three twelve-inch LPs, whereas Scherchen's require four. I do not doubt that those who prefer his carefully aged product to Neel's less ripe one will willingly pay the difference.

"Music" without Music

LUENING-USSACHEVSKY: *"Tape Recorder Music."* Innovations GB-1, $4.75.

FASSETT: *"Symphony of the Birds."* *Columbia.* Broadcast tape.

"Sounds and Music of the Electronic Music Synthesizer." RCA Victor LM-1922. $3.98.

THE FASCINATION of the mechanical-minded with musical sounds is, of course, nothing new. Mozart was induced to write pieces for a mechanical organ, and Beethoven tried his hand at making sense out of an invention by Maelzel (originator of the metronome) called the Panharmonicon. The greater knowledge of the structure of sound we possess today, and the vastly improved means of simulating it, mechanically, have resulted in a variety of offshoots, if no very durable plants as yet.

The Luening-Ussachevsky gambit is a form of *musique concrète,* in which sounds are fed into a tape recorder, the same being operated by the composer. In some instances existing musical instruments—piano, voice, percussion—are utilized (but hardly ever as they would sound in conventional practice), in others, tricks are done with electronics. Then the tape is converted to a long playing disc, and there you are.

I am all for adding new resources to the language of sound, though I should think they could be best utilized by those who have mastered the old ones. The pieces that Luening and Ussachevsky call "Sonic Contours," "Fantasy in Space," "Incantation," etc., seem to me of a musical essence almost too meager to isolate—what the weather department, in reporting a snow flurry, would call a trace. So far it is gadgeteering, and not very entertaining.

Last April Fassett emerged from the laboratory with an eleven-minute exercise in whimsy which was broadcast as "Symphony of the Birds." I have been honored with a tape dubbing which, I understand, may eventually appear on an LP. It is a sometimes lyrical, often merely cute, arrangement of bird calls speeded up, slowed down, overlapped and duetted, in a rough approximation (like a mud pie to a chocolate mocha cake) of a musical sequence. I don't suppose anybody can be harmed by the quackings of what Fassett jovially refers to as Sidney Swan, but I think the birds should sue for defamation of character. The tape makes almost as pretty noises running back on the "fast rewind," with nothing on it.

Not all of us have had the good fortune to sample the performance of the recently publicized RCA Electronic Music Synthesizer, wherefore it is thoughtful of RCA Victor to put it through its paces on this "Experimental" record. Accompanying a review of its sound making potentialities is a verbal ground tour by John Preston, whose remarks on side I leave nothing unclarified. Of special fascination is the breakdown of instrumental or vocal sound into categories in which, beyond frequency and pitch, we learn about growth, duration, and decay of sound, intensity, deviation, etc. When a tone has been presented with one component added to another, finally being "synthesized" as a fair imitation of the piano, one's respect for the potential power of the Synthesizer is considerable. Also for the limitless possibilities inherent in De Forrest's invention of the vacuum tube.

As of now, in likenesses of the organ, harpsichord, a jazz band, etc. (side two is devoted to a series of such demonstrations) the results are more or less primitive because, as the commentary sets forth, techniques of operation are still imperfect. Eventually, the thought is, persons of musical sophistication who do not nec-

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essarily possess the ability to play an instrument well could learn the techniques of operation, and feed into the Synthesizer a formula, say, for the "Pathetique Sonata" of Beethoven which could represent a high level of musical understanding, with the Synthesizer doing all the mechanical execution.

In its present form, the sounds that are nearest to noise—cymbal, drum, banjo, harmonica, guitar—come off best. Instruments of fixed pitch, such as the harpsichord or the piano, are also reasonably believable. It is when one gets into the problems of strings, with the glide from one sound to another, or brass, with its attack and release, that the results are patently mechanical. However, this is a vastly impressive start, which suggests all sorts of interesting possibilities. For one thing, it would seem that Luening and Ussachevsky are, already, mechanically old hat.

Nielsen for Violin

NIELSEN: *Concerto, opus 33. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with the Danish State Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mogens Wøldike.* LHMV-22, $4.98.

YEHUDI MENUHIN'S useful curiosity about the less-known works of the violin literature has, in sequence to his services to Schumann, Mendelssohn, Bartok, etc., produced an absorbing addition to the Nielsen literature. For those to whom the profile of this composer is still a patchwork of details without strong outline (myself included), this work adds a dimension or two without being immediately classifiable as Nielsenish. Perhaps its strongest mark of individuality is that it doesn't sound much like the work of anybody else.

Oddly, too, the complaint against it when it was new—that the rather re-

(*Continued on page* 50)

Mogens Wøldike—"exemplary."

This Month's Mozart -- I

RECORDINGS herewith initiates a feature which will continue until the Mozart literature, or the conductor of this department, is exhausted.

CONCERTO IN E FLAT, NO. 14: The dash and sparkle in the playing of the orchestral score by the London Baroque Ensemble under the direction of Karl Haas is not equalled by Grete Scherzer's competent playing of the piano part. See "Serenata Notturna" and "Notturni" (below) for comment on the second side. Decca DL-9776, $4.98.

CONCERTO IN D, NO. 26 ("CORONATION"): Excellence of reproduction is the distinction of this performance by Carl Seeman, a lightfingered but not too penetrating Mozartian, with the Berlin Philharmonic following where Seeman and its conductor, Fritz Lehmann, lead. With it is a version of the D major Rondo (K. 382) previously issued on a ten-inch Decca. Decca DL-9631, $4.98.

NOTTURNI (K. 346, 436, 437, 438, 439 AND 549): Emerentia Scheepers, soprano, Monica Sinclair, mezzo, and Geraint Evans, baritone, maintain a remarkable purity of sound and fidelity of intonation in these charmingly intimate pieces written for the voices of a friendly family circle, with clarinet and basset horn support. Some ensembles of "Cosi" and other operas are suggested. It all comes off beautifully in this complement to the Concerto in E flat, No. 14 noted above. Decca DL-9776, $4.98.

QUARTET IN D, K. 575, QUINTET IN D (K. 593): Broad, flowing performances in a non-neurotic tradition by the Barylli quartet, augmented for the quintet by Wilhelm Huebner, viola. The minuet of the quartet is notably well-played, though the effort throughout is stimulating. Realism is a practical possibility where the reproduction of chamber music is concerned, and this comes close to realizing it. Westminster WL-5356, $5.95.

SONATAS IN E FLAT (K. 282), IN G (K. 283), IN C (K. 330), IN B FLAT (K. 333), IN C (K. 545), IN F (K. 332), IN D (K. 576), IN B FLAT (K. 281), IN D (K. 311), IN A (K. 331), IN C (K. 279), IN F (K. 280) AND B FLAT (K. 570). ALSO VARIATIONS (K. 353, K. 398, K. 460), RONDO IN A MINOR, FANTASIES IN C MINOR (K. 396) AND D MINOR (K. 397). LILI KRAUS, PIANO. Whatever the Mozart year produces in the way of pianistic project, none is likely to be the product of more knowledge or executed with more loving care than this one of Miss Kraus. She sometimes has a heavy hand on an accent, but the amount of persuasive musical thinking in these five discs (two more are still to come) is enormous. I direct special attention to the "Variations" (especially those of K. 460 on "Come un agnello") as a genre of Mozartian musical creation too seldom experienced. Miss Kraus provides eminently qualified guidance. Good sound throughout. Haydn Society HSL 121-2-3, 126-7, $3.98 each.

SONATAS IN G (K. 11), IN D (K. 306), AND VARIATIONS ON "HELAS, J'AI PERDU MON AMANT" (K. 360): Excellent violin playing by Nap De Klijn, if not of overpowering suitability to Mozart. The material is not of his best, and Alice Heksch's use of a "Mozart piano" does not add to the listening pleasure. Excellent sound. Epic LC-3131, $3.98.

SYMPHONIES IN G (NO. 27, K. 199) AND IN D (NO. 30, K. 202): Outmoded sound, muffled and without the definition currently expected, is the embracing limitation of this disc by Georg Ludwig Jochum and the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. Moreover, each work is of the sort which demands highly stylized treatment for its musical values to emerge, something not quite provided by Jochum's capable but hardly vitalizing direction. For the moment, this is the only even fair version of No. 27 available. Oiseau-Lyre OL-50039, $3.98.

SYMPHONIES IN C (NO. 34, K. 338) AND D (NO. 38, "PRAGUE, "K. 504): Charm has never been in excessive supply with Karl Böhm, and these thoroughgoing, rather rigid performances lack the qualities of radiance and imaginative warmth admired in Beecham and others. First-class execution by the Vienna Philharmonic, though the recording is rather more heavy on the bass end than is customary with London. London LL-1198, $3.98.

SERENATA NOTTURNA IN D (K. 239): Although Decca already has a choice performance of this work in its catalogue by the Zimbler Sinfonietta, this one is perhaps even a shade better. Jean Pougnet and Thomas Carter play particularly well as the solo violinists, and the sound is a delight. Note that this is contained on DL-9776, with the Piano Concerto No. 14 and the six Notturni noted above.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concerto in D minor. Gioconda de Vito and Yehudi Menuhin, violins, with Anthony Bernard conducting. Vivaldi: Concerto in C. Menuhin, with Sir Adrian Boult and the Philharmonia Orchestra. L HMV-16, $4.98.	A remarkably full and satisfying pair of sides, especially as De Vito and Menuhin also collaborate in a Handel Trio Sonata (No. 2 in D) with John Shinebourne, cello, and George Malcolm, harpsichord. They make a highly complementary team for Bach, with enough individuality in their common feeling for the music to absorb the attention. The Vivaldi is not as arresting as some of his works, but Menuhin plays it broadly and sympathetically, energetically assisted by the Boult-led ensemble. However, it is the partnership of De Vito and Menuhin which is the reason for this record.
Bartók: Concerto No. 3. Monique Haas, piano, with RIAS Orchestra conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Martin: Petite Symphonie Concertante. Fricsay and RIAS Orchestra. Decca DL 9774, $4.98.	Duplications of this challenging repertory are welcome for the fresh light that might be shed on works still less than thoroughly known. However, the gain is only nominal in the Bartók, for while Haas is a facile, firm-fingered pianist, she does not realize as much of the work's poetic content as Sandor does in his Columbia effort. But the Martin score is vitalized by Fricsay in a way not matched by the otherwise able version of Ansermet. The engineers are entitled to a share of credit.
Beethoven: Symphonies No. 5 and 8. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P 8292, $4.98.	It is no mean feat to begin the C minor as compellingly as Steinberg does, and the whole of the first movement has momentum, purpose, and excellent concentration of thought. However, the succeeding movements are not quite of the same equality, though always straightforward and without theatrics. The finale, in particular, would profit from more drive and insistence. Excellent reproduction. The Eighth is also done in Steinberg's thorough-going manner: a bit too soberly in the first and last movements.
Bizet: "L'Arlésienne" suite. Fauré: "Pelléas and Mélisande" suite. Pierre Michel le Conte conducting the Paris Opera Orchestra. Capitol P 8311, $4.98.	The somewhat souped-up sound does not add much to the attractiveness of the conductor's conception of Bizet (a mingling of suites 1 and 2, with the Pastorale and Farandole of the latter added to the Prelude, Minuetto, and Adagietto of the former). Routine competence, but not much more. The Fauré has more distinction of style, but not enough to match Paray on Mercury.
Falla: "Tricorne," Ataulfo Argenta conducting the Orquesta Naçional de Espana. Turina: "Sinfonia Sevillana." The same. London International TW-91013, $4.98.	Neither of these is a recording to compare with the Albeniz "Iberia" by Argenta (London LL921) but both are impressively performed. The "Three Cornered Hat" (not quite the whole score, but more than a suite) has rarely been conducted on records with so flavorsome a command of the appropriate idiom. The Turina is also enjoyable listening.
Haydn: Symphony No. 92 ("Oxford"). Nicolai Malko conducting the Royal Orchestra, Copenhagen. Beethoven: "Leonore No. 3," "Coriolan," and "Prometheus" overtures. Bluebird LBC 1087, $2.98.	Bright and tidy Haydn, with a well-fashioned slow movement suggesting that Malko may have much to say on this composer's literature. Vibrant sound. The overside Beethoven series, though uniformly well played by the Philharmonia Orchestra, lacks the heroic stature appropriate to the "Leonore" and "Coriolan" subjects, but the "Prometheus" is joyfully well played. Fine sound here too.
Mendelssohn: Symphony in A minor ("Scotch"). "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" overture. Paul Kletzki conducting the Israel Philharmonic. Angel 35183, $4.98.	Compelling direction by Kletzki, superbly animated performance by the orchestra, and vivid reproduction are the traits of these two offerings. The Mendelssohn writing shows off the orchestra's strings to especial advantage, but the spirit up and down the choirs is remarkably evident. On-the-spot (Israel) recording and highly successful.
Roussel: "Festin de L'Araignée," "Petite Suite pour Orchestre", opus 39. Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra. London LL 1179, $3.98.	A two-sided gem, not only for Ansermet's exemplary treatment of the reasonably familiar but always welcome "Spider's Banquet," but also for his attention to the "new" (1929) Petite Suite. The values are what might be expected of Roussel in pieces titled "Aubade," "Pastorale," and "Mascarade," the detail nicely engraved on the disk.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4. Guido Cantelli conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Wagner: "Siegfried Idyll." The same. L HMV-13, $4.98.	Both performances show Cantelli's unquestionable power to impress his will on an orchestra, but what he has to say in each instance is something else again. The Schumann is angular in phraseology, rather lumpy in dynamics, without the relaxed ebb and flow wanted. The Wagner is founded on a better model of interpretation, but the idiosyncrasies of tempi get to be a bore. Not in the Furtwaengler class, in any case. The Philharmonia performs remarkably well, and the sound is decidedly good.
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. David Oistrakh, violin, with A. Gauk conducting. Colosseum 172, $3.98.	Considering the rate at which Oistrakh is redoing his literature on Angel, it would hardly be sensible to invest in this kind of outmoded sound. For the impatient, however, it may be commended as a powerful example of the artist's abilities. With it is a Borodinish work by Alexei Matchavariani of USSR's Georgia, brilliantly fiddled by Maurice Vayman. However, the orchestra is dim, the total sound pre-almost everything.
Strauss, J and J. "Vienna Bon Bons," etc. Anton Paulik conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. VRS 459, $4.98.	Learned council for the defense Paulik presents persuasive briefs on behalf of the title piece, also "Where the Citrons Bloom," "Roses from the South," Josef's "Music of the Spheres," and various other non-arguable matter. The Viennese players abet him ably though a little more lilt and a little less learning would be non-excessive. Outstanding reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: Serenade in C. Prokofiev: "Classical" symphony. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the RIAS Symphony. Decca 9737, $4.98.	Two absorbing examples of the high competence of this orchestra, which regrettably is no longer in existence as an ensemble. Fricsay has a more enlivening feeling for Prokofiev than he has for Tchaikovsky, resulting in a version closely competitive with Markevitch's on Angel. First-class technical work throughout.
Vivaldi: Concerti in G minor, C minor ("Il Sospetto"), and E major. Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano conducting. Decca DL 9729, $4.98.	The fourth in the series of Vivaldi issues from this source, and in almost every way admirable. The playing leaves nothing to be desired, though its reproduction is occasionally dryer than preferable. The E major concerto, in which violinist Luigi Ferro is soloist, is of unusual quality, even for Vivaldi.
Ward: Symphony No. 3. Thor Johnson conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Remington R-199-185, $1.95.	A bright, well-scored work to which Johnson gives vigorous, discerning service. The solo piano part in the slow movement strikes me as slightly *de trop*, but further hearing may alter that judgment. Side two offers Leo Stein's "Three Hassadic Dances," overscored and pointedly dissonant. Excellent reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE OTHER SIDE

FROM ITALY AND YUGOSLAVIA

LONDON.

THE major event in the Royal Opera House's early summer schedule was a revival of "Tosca," starring Decca's Tebaldi and conductor Molinari Pradelli, EMI's Gobbi, and Cetra's Tagliavini. The three singers had not been heard at Covent Garden since the visit of La Scala in the autumn of 1950, but their phonographic fame lent to the first night the atmosphere of a gala occasion. The torrential ovation which greeted the first descent of the curtain proved that no one was disappointed by the reality, and I doubt whether Tebaldi, who seemed quite overwhelmed by the reception accorded her, has ever scored a greater personal triumph. Her voice seems to have grown considerably during the past five years: its firmness, brilliance, and flexibility suggest that the soprano is now at her absolute peak. We have perhaps seen more convincing Toscas for, despite her dominating presence, Tebaldi is hardly a subtle actress, but few if any have provided such a measure of vocal thrills. Gobbi's "damned, smiling villain" of a Scarpia, on the other hand, was a superb piece of stagecraft, and Tagliavini's Cavaradossi remains well above the current average; Molinari Pradelli, though essentially the servant of his vocal stars, drew splendid playing from the resident orchestra.

If the star system still pervades Covent Garden's summer seasons, it is teamwork of the highest order which, year after year, draws us towards Glyndebourne's rustic beauty. This year Mr. Christie's opera house has come of age and the performances augur well for next season's enlarged festival, when six Mozart operas will be given—"Idomeneo," "Entführung," "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Così," and "Zauberflöte"—to celebrate the composer's bicentenary. The new production of "Figaro," which is to be recorded by HMV, is among the finest ever seen at Glyndebourne and features several artists new to our shores: Elena Rizzieri, a delightful but not exaggeratedly pert Susanna; Franco Calabrese, whose Almaviva combines incisive singing with a handsome presence; and Frances Bible, a pleasant Cherubino whose boyishness is more convincing than most. Superb character studies are contributed by Ian Wallace (Bartolo) and Hugues Cuenod (Basilio, whose Act 4 aria is, for once, included), but the chief honors are shared by Gui's stylish, unhurried direction, Ebert's lively and pointed production, Oliver Messel's enchanting décor, Bruscantini's sparkling yet dangerous Figaro, and Sena Jurinac, whose Countess would adorn any stage. (Miss Bible, incidentally, will not be heard in the recording, her place at the late performances has been taken by Risë Stevens, whose Cherubino last delighted Glyndebourne audiences in 1939.)

Last year's revival of "Don Giovanni" has been entirely re-cast: with John Pritchard and Ebert *fils* in joint command, Valdengo in the title-rôle, Jurinac promoted from Elvira to Anna Lucine Amara and Genevieve Warner as Elvira and Zerlina, Richard Lewis as Ottavio, and Geraint Evans as Leporello. This is, by common consent, Glyndebourne's most successful "Don" since prewar days.

On records we find Decca indulging in a veritable orgy of Russian opera: "Boris Godunov," "Khovantchina," and "Prince Igor," performed (on three, four, and five discs, respectively) by soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the Yugoslav National Opera, Belgrade. This "Boris" omits the first scene of the "Polish" act—no great loss, I feel—but "Igor" retains the third act which was cut in the Soviet version (issued here by Monarch) and "Khovantchina" is especially welcome since it has not previously been recorded. Few, if any, of the singers will be familiar to Western audiences, and, although the performances are more notable for their overall accomplishment than for any striking individual achievements, The choral singing is immensely alive, if hardly of Bolshoi excellence, the orchestral contribution is always adequate though not quite up to the standard encountered in the best European opera houses. However, Belgrade does boast an uncommonly fine collection of bells which are used to magnificent effect in the Coronation Scene from "Boris."

Few composers of the younger generation (by which I mean those still on the right side of fifty) have been so well served by the gramophone as England's Britten, and the realization that "The Turn of the Screw" is the first of his operas to be recorded in its entirety therefore comes as something of a surprise. Yet it is a fact, for HMV's SP set of "The Rape of Lucretia" was considerably cut, and, in the event, no better choice could possibly have been made. For Henry James's macabre tale Britten has reverted to his favorite medium, that of the chamber opera, infusing it with a new mastery, economy of means, and a formal discipline which calls to mind no less a work than Berg's "Wozzeck." The performance—by the original cast under the composer's direction—and the recording are alike superb. Ardent admirers of Britten's music will also be glad of a Decca disc containing the first recording of another of his works, the cantata "Saint Nicolas," an attractive but to my mind not very significant *pièce d'occasion*.

Other recent Decca issues include Karl Münchinger's arrangement of Bach's "Musical Offering," beautifully played by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra; the same conductor's performances with the Vienna Philharmonic of Haydn's eighty-eighth and "Clock" Symphonies, on the other hand, show a disappointing lack of vitality. Solti and the London Philharmonic contribute another Bartók/Kodály coupling, with the "Háry Janos Suite" more successfully realized than the exacting "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celestax"; Christian Ferras is the soloist with Münchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra in two of Mozart's Violin Concertos—the lovely G major, K. 216, and the E flat work, K. 268, of doubtful authenticity.

IDEAL listening for a warm summer evening is provided by Oiseau-Lyre in the shape of "Sosarme," one of Handel's numerous Italian operas. I found this work, which spreads over three discs, packed with enchantment (it doesn't seem to matter in what order one puts on the sides), there is a great deal of stylish and spirited singing—mainly contributed by Margaret Ritchie, Alfred Deller, and Ian Wallace—and the playing of the St. Cecilia Orchestra (whoever they may be) under Anthony Lewis is a pure joy. Professor Lewis also directs two Litanies by Mozart for the same company, the "Litaniae Lauretanae in D," K. 195, and the remarkable "Litaniae de venerabili altaris sacramento," K. 243; these are sound, musicianly performances and, like the Handel, admirably recorded. That Oiseau-Lyre's activities are not solely confined to the music of bygone centuries is proved by a ten-inch disc devoted to Schoenberg's fifteen Poems from "Das Buch der hängenden Gärten" of Stefan George, skilfully performed by Lina Dauby (soprano) and Paul Collaer (piano).

Schoenberg's Waltz from Op. 23,

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Trio sonatas in G and D minor. Sonatas in E minor and G. Collegium Pro Arte. L'Oiseau Lyre 50015, $4.98.	Fine instrumental artistry by the Collegium Pro Arte, which designation masks Kurt Redel, flutist, Helmuth Winschermann, oboe, Ulrich Grehling, violin, and Martin Bochmann, cello. The harpsichordist is Irmgard Lechner, who plods along rather dutifully in the wake of her more spirited associates. The sonata in D minor for flute, oboe, and harpsichord is especially rewarding. All are well reproduced.
Brahms: "Vier Ernste Gesänge," eight other songs. Bruce Boyce, baritone, with Jacqueline Bonneau, piano. OL-50044. $4.98.	Boyce is a thoroughgoing artist, but his light, hardly impressive voice is less suited to the "Serious Songs" than it is to such lyric ones as "Wie bist du, meine Königin," "Mainacht," and "Minnelied" on the second side. In all his throaty delivery and excessive vibrato detract from the intelligence and warmth of his artistry. Bonneau is an able pianist, the recording acceptable.
Chopin: Four Ballades. Friedrich Gulda, piano. London LD-9177, $2.98.	The sensitivity and pianistic poise of Gulda are conspicuous virtues through his playing of these works. However, his phrasing tends to be disjointed, with each small section well enough played by itself but not smoothly molded into a totality. Good piano sound.
Chopin: Sonatas in B flat minor and B minor. Alexander Brailowsky, piano. RCA Victor LM-1866, $3.98. Julius Katchen, piano. London 1163. $3.98.	At his best Katchen is a more interesting Chopin interpreter than Brailowsky, but that best is interspersed with too many passages in which his calculated unusual is as distracting as Brailowsky's uncalculating usual. Katchen plays the slow movements of both sonatas expressively, but he cannot glide through the faster ones as Brailowsky does. The harvest of the latter's technical "mow 'em down" method is, to me, not interest but monotony. The London sound is superior to the RCA (also English).
Granados: "Goyescas." Amparo Iturbi, piano. RCA Victor LM-1925, $3.98	The rather hard piano sound favored by Miss Iturbi is intensified by the fidelity of the reproduction, but there is much charm and grace in her phrasing of the six pieces. The "Goyescas" sequence is prefaced by "El Pelele" in accord, says the interpreter, with the composer's preference.
Handel: "Apollo e Dafne." Margaret Ritchie, soprano, Bruce Boyce, baritone, and instrumental ensemble conducted by Anthony Lewis. OL-50038, $4.98.	I will agree with any adjectives of praise for this delightful "cantata," but its vocal requirements are much beyond the capacities of these singers, Boyce especially. Miss Ritchie manages some of the roulades artfully, but the high register finds her tonal resources more than slightly pinched. In consequence the most thoroughly satisfactory work is that of Georges Alès, violin, and Pierre Pierlot, oboe, in their solo-obbligato chores. Excellent recording, if the result is necessarily to intensify the singers' shortcomings.
Handel: Sonatas for flute and harpsichord (Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 6). Jean-Pierre Rampal and Isabel Nef. OL-50040. $4.98.	As those who are acquainted with his abilities are aware, Rampal yields to very few flutists today in mastery of his instrument, subtlety as well as solidity of musicianship. A real aural treat thus awaits those with a taste for Handelian fantasy, if Nef's participation is not in the category termed "stimulating." Good enough sound.
Liszt: "Consolation No. 1," etc. Schumann: "Humoreske." Jean-Michel Damase, piano. London International 91041, $4.98.	The qualities of taste and imagination which were commended last month in Damase's playing of Fauré are evident also in his Liszt. The pianistic sense is highly developed, the treatment of the instrument consistently considerate. The Schumann, though understandingly played, does not come off as well. Acceptable reproduction.
Moussorgsky: "Sunless Cycle." Prokofiev: Songs, etc. Maria Kurenko, soprano, with Vsevolod Pastukhoff, piano. Capitol P 8310, $4.98.	Some of the best singing Mme. Kurenko has recently done for the phonograph, not only in the superb Moussorgsky cycle, but also in five excellent songs by Prokofiev (to texts of Anna Akhmatova) and a miscellany of Gretchaninoff. Her vocal condition is better than in some time—so far as records are recalled—thus permitting a thorough enjoyment of her uncommon artistry. Pastukhoff gives her suitable support at the piano, and the recording is all it should be.
Purcell: Songs from "The Faerie Queen," etc. Alfred Deller, counter tenor, with Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichordist, the Leonhardt Baroque Ensemble, etc. Bach Guild BG 547, $4.98.	A gem of a record, which sparkles brightest in the half-dozen excerpts utilizing Deller. His counter tenor (alto) voice is exceptionally appealing to the ear, disciplined in the manner of a Schiøtz, say, and full of musical felicity. The instrumental works (a Locke "Consort of four parts" for viols and a John Jenkins "Pavane for four viols" are the only non-Purcell matter on the disc) are also sustained at a high level of musical quality, with Leonhardt outstanding for the refinement of his harpsichord playing. Very fine sound.
Scarlatti: Twelve Sonatas. Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. Westminster WL-5359, $5.95.	The absorbing repertory (Longo 179, 238, 301, 304, 378, 385, 428, 434, 470, 479, and Longo Sup. 11 and 39) plus Valenti's enlivening artistry are consistently recommendable in this seventh in his series of Scarlatti's discs. I am less enthusiastic about the recording, which is a little pale at low volume and decidedly stringy, with percussive overtones, at full volume.
Schubert: Quartet in D minor ("Death and the Maiden"). Mozart: Quartet in D minor. Musical Arts Quartet, VRS 463, $4.98.	A singularly fine performance of the Schubert masterpiece, done in full bodied, forthright style under the strong leadership of Sidney Harth. The players are highly homogeneous in tonal qualities, but the individuality of each is not throttled by over-refinement or excessive precision. The Mozart on the second side is of similar quality, adding up to a chamber-music offering of decided appeal. Very fine sound, also.
Schumann: "Carnaval," "Etudes Symphoniques." Geza Anda, piano. Telefunken LGX 66029, $4.98.	Two performances from the not-too-distant past of Geza Anda, though not with the engineering quality of the more recent Angel disks. Both interpretations have much that is arresting in phraseology (the "Etudes" are very likely from the same master tape that a Decca side introducing Anda's name to America several years ago was made from). However, he has grown in musical stature since, as is only expectable. Limited fidelity in this sound.
Schumann: "Widmung," "Du bist wie eine blume," etc. Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Boston Records B-502, $3.72.	If there is a better accompanist working in America than Ulanowsky, his name is unknown to me, which gives special value to this dozen or so accompaniments with which the aspiring singer may work in private and at leisure. Not everybody will agree with each phraseology, where such personal matters as Schubert's "Die Forelle," "Die Post," and "Heidenröslein," or Brahms's "Die Melodien" are concerned, but no one will go wrong following Ulanowsky's precepts. Remarkably live impulse throughout. Good sound. —I. K.

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together with Berg's Sonata, Op. 1, and Webern's Variations for Piano, Op. 27, is played on a "Medium Play" Ducretet-Thomson disc by the French pianist Jeanne Manchon Theis. These cheaper ten-inch LP issues are now increasingly favored by the Decca group; the Ducretet-Thomson list also contains an attractive Ravel coupling —"Introduction and Allegro" and the "Mallarmé Songs," the latter sung by Irma Kolassi—and two rarely heard sets of piano variations by Beethoven, played by Albert Ferber, while Decca's collection is made up of the now *familiar mixture of operatic excerpts* (choruses from "Carmen" and "Aida," duets from "Otello") and short recitals (Debussy's "Children's Corner Suite" played by Paolo Spagnolo, "Popular Italian Songs" from Fernando Corena), with some seasonable music by Delius—"Song of Summer" and "Summer Night on the River," played by the LSO under Collins—and the record début of an attractive Spanish baritone, Aurelio Estanislao (Falla's "Siete Canciones" and Ravel's "Don Quichotte" songs) added for good measure.

THERE are no July releases from EMI, but a large consignment from Philips includes Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" (which has been retained in this season's Glyndebourne repertoire), Casals's performance of the Schumann Cello Concerto, Debussy's "Images pour Orchestra," finely played by the Concertgebouw under van Beinum, and a superb Elgar *concert*—"Enigma" Variations, "Cockaigne," and Serenade for Strings —from Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic. The current DGG list, as usual, relies on quality rather than quantity and comprises a highly commendable version of Mozart's "Entführung on two discs (as against Decca's three), conducted by Fricsay and with a cast including Maria Stader, Rita Streich, and Josef Greindl, Kempff's performance of the "Emperor" Concerto, Oistrakh's magnificent Dresden version of the Brahms Concerto (superior in every way to his Soviet recording), and Furtwängler's characteristically expansive Schumann No. 4.

Exciting rumors concerning Decca's binaural recording projects continue to emanate from the direction of Brixton Road and New Malden; alternative systems involving discs are still said to be under review, one of which would enable the recordings to be used on standard monaural equipment as well as on the more elaborate stereosonic installation. No doubt the veil of secrecy will be lifted when the Radio Show is held at the end of next month. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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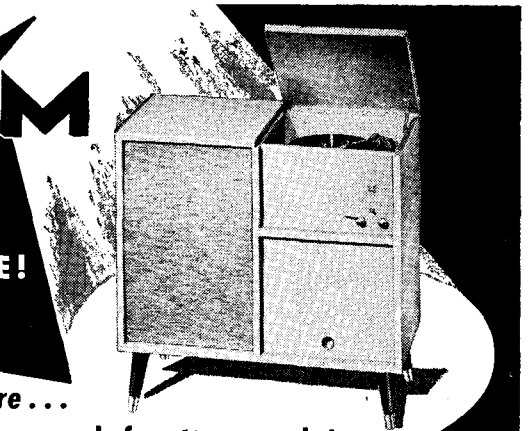

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Darmstadt, etc.

Continued from page 35

a bar of 11/8 to the first of the following bar in 5/16). The vertical relationships are a matter of pure chance in the sense of traditional harmonic and tonal relationships, being produced solely by the simultaneous sounding of horizontally-conceived lines or fragments. The resulting "chords" or complexes of sound are in principle dissonant; consonances are avoided in much the same way as unprepared dissonances were in the practices of traditional harmony. Counterpoint in the usual sense of the simultaneous sounding of two or more melodic lines each sufficient unto itself, is equally absent in the avant-garde music. There is in the first place hardly any such thing as a melodic line, but only fragments and intervals. In the *pointilliste* treatment of the sounds in chamber and orchestral music, single notes or short fragments are heard first in one instruments, than in another, provoking an even greater sense of discontinuity than if the essentially jagged lines were given to a single instrument.

The processes by means of which this music is constructed, however, are anything but wilful or haphazard. Mathematical considerations underlie the unfolding of the melodic, rhythmic, and dynamic series. From this one might conclude that the sounds produced are ordered and convincing. But this is not the case. The works themselves seem to have no beginning, middle, or end. The feeling of form is conspicuous by its absence. One has the impression that this music could start or stop at any point. The composers themselves go on at great length about the necessity of "controlling" (by outward formulas) the material of composition and of "ordering the chaos" of musical materials. Their present methods, however, do not achieve this avowed purpose; the impression remains one of chaos. And each movement or piece sounds very much like every other one.

That the system—twelve-tone or any other—is not *ipso facto* the root of the evil is clear when one hears a work such as René Leibowitz's "Concertino for Viola and Chamber Orchestra." This piece is strictly serial but full of interest and thoroughly musical, clearly the work of a musician. One has the feeling that the system is Leibowitz's natural form of expression and not a garment put on for outward show. In Luigi Nono's "Incontri for Twenty-four Instruments," on the other hand, one suspects that the young Italian's music would gain from greater freedom of construction. Many a passage indicates clearly enough that Nono has imagination and high powers of invention; but his preoccupation with the "machinery" of composition appears still to hamper and inhibit his freedom of expression.

BADEN-BADEN.

THE above, written in the interval between Kranichstein and the annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music that took place this year in Baden-Baden, found its justification in this latter event. The program consisted chiefly of twelve-tone works, and never was the distinction between music and notes more in evidence. Twenty-four from fourteen countries were presented in the regular festival concerts; of these, thirteen were based on strict twelve-tone technique.

The general level of this year's festival's performances (the orchestra of the Südwestfunk under Hans Rosbaud was magnificent) was unfortunately not matched by the quality of the music performed. It was, indeed, a very dreary affair, with only a very few of the works performed having much chance of survival. And it must be said that the twelve-tone works were on the whole the dreariest. They ranged from the relatively conservative style of Erich Itor Kahn, whose expressive "Actus Tragicus for Ten Solo Instruments" is close to Schönberg, to the most advanced idiom of Pierre Boulez, whose *pointilliste* "Le Marteau sans Maître" created less of a sensation than had been expected. A very long, disjunct work for alto and five instruments (flute, viola, guitar, vibraphone, and percussion) based on texts of René Char, it plodded its way through a maze of sound, the novelty of which quickly wore off, as boredom set in. For Boulez, like most of the composers in this year's festival, did not know when to stop.

The crassest example of bad post-Webernism was the "Quartet for Flute, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Piano," by Knut Wiggin (Norway). From the first few notes it was obvious that the composer was simply following a preconceived pattern and filling it in with notes. Riccardo Nielsen's (Italy) Sonata for Two Pianos was a routine twelve-tone piece in which the color grey predominated. This piece displayed in exaggerated form one of the most striking weaknesses of much twelve-tone music—namely, a complete lack of rhythmic interest. The "Concertino for Flute, Oboe, English Horn, and Cello," by the Swedish composer Ingvar Lidholm, stands stylistically midway between Schönberg and Webern. While displaying a certain technical competence, its lack of real musical content raises the question that is applicable to most of the music heard at the Festival: Why was this work written? "Alpha and Beta for Piano," by Makoto Moroi (Japan), was only slightly less disappointing for much the same reason. This not ungifted composer's feeling for color was all but smothered by a routine, impersonal twelve-tone style.

The works mentioned above have the common weakness of being non-expressive and non-personal, undistinguished and undistinguishable products from the twelve-tone production line. The German composer Markus Lehmann's cantata "The Song of the Centaurs," for soprano and orchestra, arrives at a similar result by opposed methods. Here the tortured emotionalism of the expressionist school is revived at this late date in a twelve-tone style that is in essence the most exaggerated form of Romanticism. The deathly serious atmosphere verges on the ridiculous and the comical. It must be said that the text itself (by Werner Bergengruen) is nothing short of absurd; but the two first lines furnish unwittingly a most appropriate motto for the ISCM Festival of 1955:

> How they plague themselves,
> and to no effect,
> More to be pitied than ridiculed.
> [*Wie sie vergebens sich abmühn,*
> *Mitleids mehr denn Spottes*
> *würdig.*]

And what about the other side of the ledger—the non-twelve-tone side? On the whole, it must be said, the smaller team came off considerably better. Here too were weak pieces. The Chavez Third Symphony, for instance, was disappointing, far below the standard of some of this composer's work. It was unnecessarily loud, as if a fortissimo were in itself a virtue; the musical content was not always of the highest order; and it was far too long. But it was clearly recognizable as music. Karl Blohmdahl's "Chamber Concerto for Piano, Woodwinds, and Percussion" is also not the best work of this talented Swede, but it contained in each of its four movements (played without pause) passages of undeniable originality. The third movement (adagio) was particularly fine, displaying a rare melodic sense;

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the other movements had a tendency to be somewhat ponderous.

In the opinion of this reporter the finest piece of the entire festival was Matyas Seiber's Third String Quartet. Seiber, an Hungarian who has lived in England since 1933, is a composer who has something to say and who says it with consummate skill. His style is anything but old-fashioned, but it is in no sense spectacular, a fact that has doubtless contributed to the relative slowness of his rise in the world of modern music. There is nothing "new" in the Third Quartet—except the music itself. But this music, in which the ties to the past are evident, displays more originality than a dozen of the "advanced" works put together.

Elliott Carter's Sonata for Violoncello and Piano received a deservedly warm reception. Here again there is no attempt to *épater le bourgeois*, there are no problems to be solved and no gimmicks. It is a kind of music the meaning of which is contained within itself and is remarkable for its rhythmic vitality. It is serious music, well written for the instruments, and is neither pretentious nor forced. It is perhaps a bit too long. The young English composer Francis Burt was represented by his thoroughly tonal String Quartet Opus 2. One of the most appealing features of this work is the clarity and precision of the writing.

It is not without interest that the most artistically satisfactory works of this festival were compositions in which the serial principle was not used, or was used only very loosely. That this is not only the personal opinion of your correspondent is indicated by the choice of recipients for the prizes awarded at the close of the festival. (Aaron Copland, speaking excellent German, announced the decisions of the jury.) The South Africa prize went to Matyas Seiber, the Südwestfunk Prize to Blohmdahl, and the Edition Peters Prize to Roberto Gerhard for his Symphony, which employs serial techniques in a loose sort of way, and is inordinately long.

If there is any moral to be drawn from the results of the Darmstadt and Baden-Baden festivals it would seem to be this: that a return to music and to musical values as against systems and theories is not only highly desirable but is already in progress; and that systems and theories, when employed as a substitute for musical content, have no more artistic validity than a frame without a picture and that they can and do in fact hinder and stifle that element, hitherto considered indispensable to creative activity, which, for want of a better word, we shall call "inspiration."

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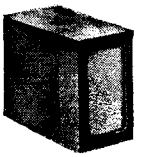

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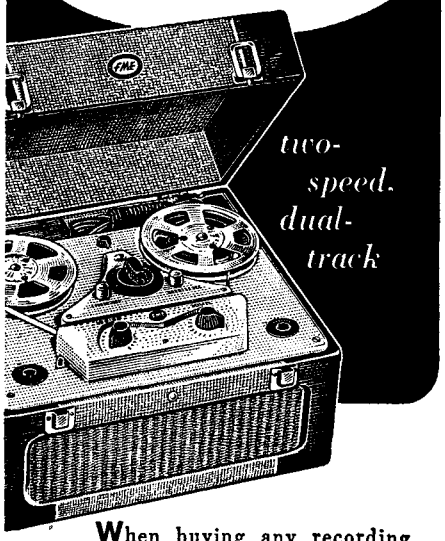

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Jazz at Newport: 1955

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE second annual Newport Jazz Festival, which was held over the mid-weekend of July in Freebody Park, a spacious sports field adjacent to the Newport Casino, was, like the army of Darius the Persian, an elephantine and onsweeping thing. It lit the air with music. It ran off the walls, and presumably the skins, of the Newport rich. It blew off, finally, on its third day, a fingery, leaden overcast. In all probability, in fact, so much jazz—good and bad—has never been offered by so many to so many in one place and at one time in its history. Something under 200 musicians, whose styles ranged from the spaghettied sounds of Pee Wee Russell to the partly defined modernisms of Charlie Mingus, played for some thirteen or fourteen hours to an estimated total of 26,000 people.

In comparison with the first Festival, which consisted of just two concerts and one panel discussion, the second Festival included three concerts and two panel discussions (both with music). In addition, the contents were bolder, more imaginative, and yielded, principally because of the larger quantities on hand, a superior proportion of good jazz. One remembers, for example, in trying to sort out the Mississippi of sounds the sprout and power of the Woody Herman band, the rococo enthusiasm of Errol Garner, the belling quality developed by the Marian McPartland trio augmented by Jimmy McPartland, the sliding intensity of Dave Brubeck and his quartet, the warm horizontal-vertical structurings of the Modern Jazz Quartet, the wind that took the lid off Freebody Park when Jo Jones, Count Basie, Lester Young, and Ruby Braff arrived, the high-water poignancy of "Now's the Time," propounded by Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, Zoot Sims, and Thelonius Monk, and the massive yet always light-footed blockings of the incomparable Count Basie band.

The Festival was opened under a dim sky by Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island, who spoke almost inaudibly (there was continual difficulty this year with microphones and loudspeakers: all the vocalists, with the exception of Louis Armstrong, sounded froggy) about jazz being a revolution. John McClellan, a Boston jazz disc jockey, then introduced Woody Herman as master of ceremonies for the first night, and Herman, who did his job without distinction, introduced Stan Rubin and the Tigertown Five, who, in their turn, provided some Shakespearean, curtain-raising loud talk while the large audience splayed itself into its seats. Teddi King, an attractive, carved brunette, whose singing style is best suited for intimate situations, followed, and was immediately lost beneath the microphones and too-heavy accompaniment. Errol Garner, abetted by drums and bass, brought the evening to its feet, and to a mood that was carried on by Woody Herman's Third Herd, in which Dick Collins, a moving, dark-toned trumpeter, especially shone. Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, and Jo Jones (who demonstrated consistently throughout the Festival his matchlessness as a drummer) appeared next. And, because of the harmfully unobjective programming of the concerts (some musicians were introduced as "great," others were not even named), which allowed them little time, and because Eldridge was fooling around with a mellophone, they came nowhere near illustrating their positions as foundation jazzmen, except, perhaps, as accompanists for Joe Turner, who rocked and rolled with the ease of an ocean liner. Louis Armstrong, who now tends to be a caricature of himself, closed the first concert in company with Trummy Young, Barrett Deems, Billy Kyle, Barney Bigard, Arvell Shaw, and Velma Middleton the singer, who did her usual tasteless and unnecessary 200-pound Jello dance.

BECAUSE of further unfortunate programming, the second concert (a misty, clammy night) was, for the most part, like listening to an aggressive monotone with a pitcher of martinis under his belt. Max Roach and Clifford Brown, who are two of the most powerfully individualized operators today in the musical tradition begun some fifteen years ago as bebop, opened the concert, which was introduced throughout the evening by John McClellan, an articulate but not forceful enough master of ceremonies. They were shaded off coolly into a group composed of Warne Marsh, Lee Konitz, Russ Freeman, and Buzzy Drootin. The pulse of the evening went up somewhat after this when Dinah Washington, a big, angular-

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Louis Armstrong with Mrs. Lorillard, wife of the Newport Jazz Festival's president.

voiced singer, came on stage. It sagged again, however, with the appearance of Chet Baker, who worked uncertainly and variously with the excellent Bobby Brookmeyer, Al Cohn, and Gerry Mulligan. (Mulligan appeared on stage, usually unannounced, sporadically throughout the Festival, like some sort of genial, one-man Greek chorus.) Suddenly, following this, the monotone was broken by Marian and Jimmy McPartland, who ran his Bixian gold up and down the Park as comfortably as old friends sitting down to talk. Wild Bill Davidson, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Milt Hinton, Drootin, and George Wein (a small, indefatigable, ball-shaped man, who as the producer of the festival has become one of the best friends jazz has) followed, put joy and blast into their jazz, and gave way to Dave Brubeck and his quartet.

The final concert, performed under a lucent sky, was conducted by Duke Ellington, who can suspend more graciousness from an English sentence than anyone alive. It was started, inadvisedly, by the Modern Jazz Quartet, whose intricacies, Bach-like and otherwise, demand quiet, at least, to be properly appreciated. The group consisting of Basie, Jones, Young, and Braff followed, and, emotionally, at any rate, the Festival began. Jimmy Rushing, unimpeachably round, made a surprise appearance with the group, and was as blue and syllabic as ever.

The Miles Davis aggregation came next, with its leader, a shy trumpeter who plays in a motionless, timid crouch, giving his gentle, curved utterances such definition and beauty that the crowd was held quiet as a mouse. Dave Brubeck reappeared for a more satisfactory display than that of the previous evening. After this a lively miscellany, in varying combinations of trios, quartets, and together, was carried on by Jo Jones, Bobby Hackett, J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Billy Taylor, Ben Webster (who proved as statuesque as ever), Peanuts Hucko, Dick Katz, and Bud Shank (whose considerable talents were completely trod under by the circumstances). The evening—all in all the most exciting and satisfying of the three—was closed by the Basie band, which, though manifesting little of the sensuousness and inner swing of its earlier versions, tore at its jazz so hard one felt as though he had been literally banged in the chest. So the Festival ended, as it should have, with the spirit of jazz as a hot, creative, and inescapable force, banked, it seemed, against the very heavens.

THE two panel discussions held on Saturday and Sunday afternoons at Belcourt, an Italian Renaissance structure about a mile from Freebody Park, were, due to the smaller, more harmonious audiences, the high quality of the "demonstrational" music played by The Six and by a nine-piece group led by Charlie Mingus, and the general thoughtfulness of the speakers (Wilder Hobson, Father Norman O'Connor, Marshall Stearns, Gerry Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, and Eric Larrabee were a few) as successful, on the whole, as anything presented at the Festival. In fact, the organization of these afternoon meetings indicated a direction future festivals may have to take if they are not to be swamped by their own heftiness. As a celebration of American jazz, nevertheless, the second Newport Festival was a happy, successful occasion. And, like last year, the sea-air, the trees, the grass, and the circling sky gave the music an added and proper magic.

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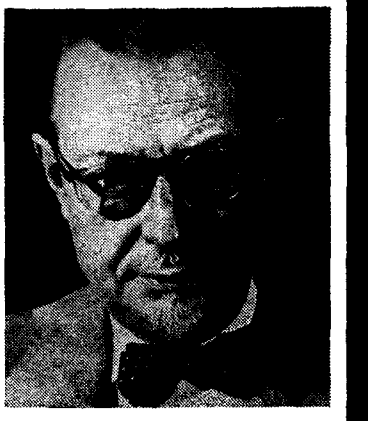

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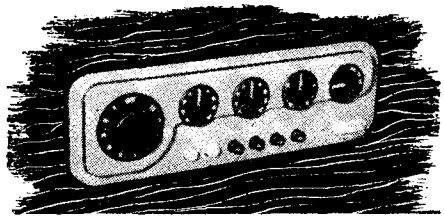

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 41

flective rondo which balances the long first movement (there is no slow movement *per se*) is "out of character" with what precedes—is one of notable attractions now. For it expresses the character of the concerto as an organic entity rather than a carbon copy of the conventional three-movement work of nineteenth-century pattern. It will take several hearings for a complete judgment to be possible, but it is clear that Menuhin has added a score of major interest to the repertory. Wöldike does his work in exemplary fashion, and the recording is excellent. Three short pieces—Debussy's "Girl with the Flaxen Hair," Ravel's "Kaddish," and the "Spanish Dance" from Falla's "Vida Breve"—fill out the second side.

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BIZET: *Symphony in C, "Patrie Overture." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra.* London LL-1186, $3.98.

LONDON SO steadily produces records of a high aural consistency (taking that word to mean texture as well as regularity) that the unusual one should hardly be taken for granted. What there is about this recording of the Bizet symphony that gives uncommon pleasure is not easy to state: it is not louder than the average, more insistent in its claim on the attention, or marked by outstanding features. But it has a singular evenness of character from low bass through to treble that might be likened to the sheen on a well-polished piece of wood.

As for the performances, they are meticulous in the manner we have come to expect from Ansermet and his fine orchestra (which, if the Swiss are export-minded, would certainly be welcomed here as performing tourists). I think of the first and last movements as somewhat more youthfully exuberant than Ansermet permits them to be, but the two between are all they should be. In sum, it is qualitatively of the same order as the Stokowski, with the plus that goes with the distinguished sound.

The "Patrie" overture has never been a particular favorite of mine—I defy anyone not acquainted with the composer's name to find much that is characteristically Bizet in it—but it is hard to resist when so well played as it is here. It is, in addition, another postgraduate exercise in the art of recording. —I. K.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

WAGNER AND AMERICA

IS IT NOT HIGH time there was a "Wagner Society" in this country? Perhaps so many of our readers who are violently opposed to Wagner and his music fail to remember that not only did his daring and originality cause opera (and music in general) to advance beyond the static state into which it had lapsed previous to his arrival upon the musical scene, but also that the greatest modern innovators who have taken every opportunity to slander him are eternally in his debt. After Wagner combined good theatre with good music music finally grew up. Moreover, it is especially interesting to note that Wagner's interest in America was perhaps greater than any other European composer's. Is it perhaps not typical that we should have societies dedicated to every other European composer with the exception of one that honored us?

R. D. BOYD.

Tucson, Ariz.

RESURRECTED "RING"

AS EVIDENCED BY LETTERS to you during the past few months, there is a substantial interest in complete recordings of Wagner's "Ring." This interest is usually squelched by the critics with explanations of cost and vocal talent. Why hasn't anyone thought of the partial although simple solution to these two problems. That is the resurrection of the great performances on Victor of the almost complete "Siegfried," the extensive "Walküre," and the "Rheingold" finale by Leiden, Schorr, and Melchior.

DANIEL WAXLER.

Dover, N. J.

"RING" FOR THE REMOTE

IF THE GREAT RECORDING companies would take note of the increasing demand of music-lovers for a complete well-recorded "Ring" they would make immediate plans for the enterprise. Such an undertaking would be of great help to those thousands of Wagner admirers who cannot go either to the Metropolitan or Bayreuth.

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Caparra Heights, P. R.

BEETHOVEN NOT SO BAD

IN HIS REVIEW of our book "Beethoven and His Nephew", Mr. George Simpson contends that we overlooked three most important facts: The first one is that Beethoven contracted syphilis. To which we have to quote from our book ". . . Newman attempts to explain the negative traits in Beethoven's character—which he presents in a tone of polemic disapproval—as the reaction to syphilis acquired in his youth. Such a hypothesis contributes nothing essential to the interpretation of the peculiar characteristics of Beethoven's personal relationships; these can be better understood, without any forcing, from the inner conflict he had undergone from early childhood." Besides, it cannot be definitely established that Beethoven acquired syphilis.

The second fact supposedly overlooked by us is that his deafness can be viewed as psychogenic. From the course of his auditory disorder and from the autopsy there can be hardly any doubt that Beethoven suffered from otosclerosis which affected both *nervi acustici*. These appeared degenerated at the autopsy. The organic origin of this affliction is unquestionable.

The third fact is that Beethoven was an alcoholic. This statement depends on the definition of "alcoholism." Beethoven drank wine, but not to any excess. We have not a single report that he was ever observed in an intoxicated state. His liver, however, might have been particularly susceptible to the consequences of alcoholic beverages. But he cannot be considered an "alcoholic" in the sense of mental pathology.

DRS. RICHARD and EDITHA STERBA.

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

MUSIC OR MADNESS

IT WOULD SEEM, from the Simpson review of "Beethoven and His Nephew," that Beethoven's chief contribution to "our cultural world" was a king-sized "Oedipus complex." Simpson's suggestion that psychoanalysis is a useful tool in music appreciation is, to me, the nadir of music appreciation. Either we listen to Beethoven the musician or we listen to Beethoven the psychopath. We cannot listen to both at the same time. The fact that Beethoven the man might have been a psychopathic musician has no bearing on the music *I* hear.

PAUL YAGER.

Elkins Park, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sometimes knowing the artist can help us to know his art.*

STONEWALL AT BAY

WHILE I AM loath to take issue with as distinguished an historian as former President Harry S. Truman, a phrase in his article [*SR* Mar. 26] warrants comment. While he may be right in his statement that he can see "General Jackson riding down the Plank Road" at Chancellorsville (in his attack on the Union's Eleventh Corps) all evidence points to the contrary, and no standard work suggests that he ever rode down the (Orange) Plank Road.

His corps *crossed* it, while on the Brock Road, and went on northwesterly to the Turnpike; there it formed in line of divisions and attacked up the Turnpike. Jackson followed his men; later sought to re-form them, and it seems certain that he was wounded while reconnoitering the Union position—still on the Turnpike. (It is a fact, however, that all maps show that the Plank Road turns into the Turnpike at Dowdall's Tavern, but east of there carries the name of the latter.)

FRANKLIN SNOW.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The question would seem to be, did our distinguished contributor "see" General Jackson riding down the Plank Road before or after it was given the name of Turnpike? There seems a legitimate area of doubt here, plus a minute cause for quibble.*

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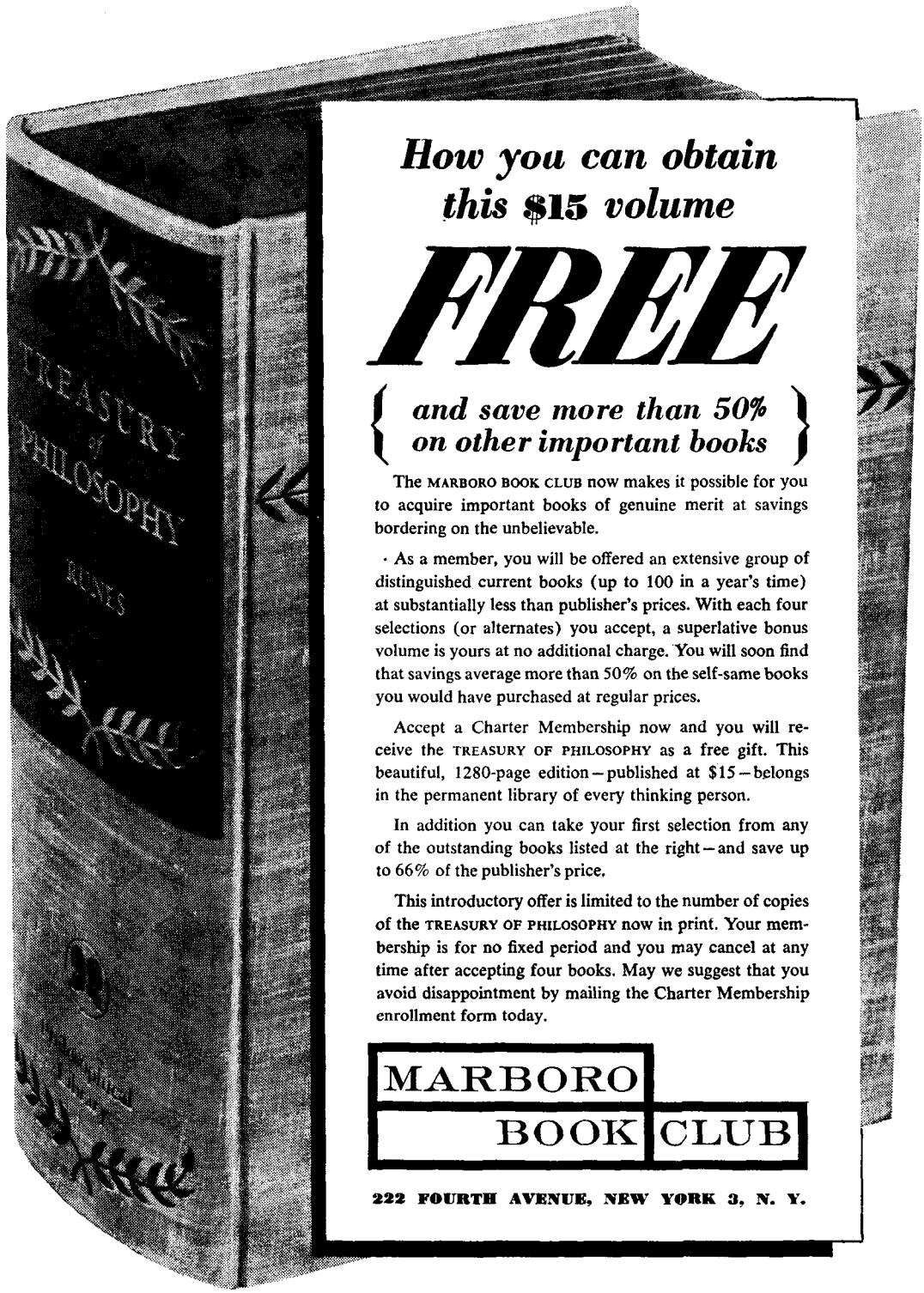

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